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THE REFORMED TOPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LITTLE EARTHQUAKE.

I've signed the pledge! A chap in choker white—
Whose warning voice I heard last Sunday night—
So well described the horrors that befall
The hapless subjects of King Alcohol,
That with repentance all my soul aflame,
I seized the pen, and wildly scrawled my name;
And as my trembling hand slipped o'er the page,
I vowed 'gainst rum an endless war to wage.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my woes,
For me the fiery tide no longer flows;
The seething whiskey punch, the Bourbon plain,
The brandy cocktail, the divine champagne,
Port, sherry, gin, ye fiends of winning form,
Avaunt! your smiles have lost the power to charm.
I know ye now—your sense-destroying breath
Brings pale consumption, wild delirium, death.
'Tis wondrous strange how folks can grow so fond
Of—stop, I think 'tis mentioned "in the bond"—
The pledge, I mean, that sickness will allow
The temperance man at times to break his vow:
I don't feel well myself—this dismal day
Brings all my old rheumatics into play;
So, hoping, friends, you'll overlook the slip,
I'll take my leave—*unless you'll take a 'nip.'*

THE WHITE GIPSY:

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXXV.—CONTINUED.

This person was about as opposite to her husband as two people can possibly be in this world. I have said that Jasper Hawke was forty; his wife was five-and-twenty; and at the time I introduce them to my readers, they had been married nine years. Jasper Hawke, in spite of the fact that he appeared to do nothing, was in reality a man of strict business habits; and, instead of spending his time idly, as his neighbors supposed, he was one of the most indefatigable men in the whole of London. Every morning, at about eleven o'clock, he went out, attired, as was his fashion, in a dark blue coat, black knee breeches, black stockings, and shoes with silver buckles; while in his hand he carried a heavy walking stick, with a gold head peculiarly carved. The walking stick was inevitable—it was what he was known by—he never went out without it. Many an inquisitive neighbor, puzzled and amazed as neighbors will be at the incognito which Jasper Hawke so successfully preserved, had taken the trouble to follow him in his morning's walk, and keeping the gold stick steadily in view, endeavored to track him to his destination. But they were always baffled. Jasper Hawke always took the same walk, and was always lost sight of at the same spot. He walked up Burton street, and entered a house on the left-hand side. One of the neighbors had watched the house for a whole day, but had never seen Hawke emerge, although this neighbor's wife, who had been set on the watch at home, had observed him quietly returning to his four o'clock dinner. The natural conclusion was that there must be a back entrance to this house, through which Jasper Hawke must make his escape from his inquisitive friends. So the baffled curiositymonger sat himself to work again, and discovered eventually that there was a back entrance.

"Now," thought he, triumphantly, "he cannot escape me."

With a proud consciousness of being on his way to the discovery of a secret which had baffled all his friends, he posted himself opposite the mysterious house, while his son was posted opposite the back entrance. Both the streets were so short that it was perfectly impossible for any one to emerge from any of the houses without being seen by one of the watchers. At half-past eleven Jasper Hawke walked up Burton street with his usual slow and measured step, observed his neighbor Smithson, nodded to him, and entered No. 10. Smithson was perfectly aware that Hawke never missed his four o'clock dinner; but still, for the sake of certainty, he remained in the street until eight. His son, on the other hand, remained until about the same hour. But during the whole day he had seen no one come out of the house but a short, thick-set, fussy little man, with a red face, bushy whiskers, and a large stomach, who had emerged about a quarter to twelve in the forenoon. This man, who trotted along with short, quick steps, had not one single characteristic which could identify him in the remotest degree with Jasper Hawke; and the Smithsons and their friends gave up the pursuit in disgust. They would not have done so had they known how closely on the scent they were. The fat, fussy little man, with his red face and his blue bag, was Jasper Hawke; and following him, as he trots along in his disguise, we see him enter a house in an adjoining street, and making his way into the first floor, walk with a consequential air into a large room, crowded with men and women of a most extraordinary appearance. Mr. Jasper Hawke—or, as he was known in his disguise, Mr. Renard Smith—was, in fact, a thieves' lawyer. His clients were composed entirely of those who war against society, and the payment he received for his good offices was very often of a doubtful character. Naturally, the money they gave him was the produce of robberies, but he didn't always get money. Articles of various kinds came into his hands in place of fees, such as watches, rings, silver spoons, and forks, brooches, and the receivers of stolen goods would buy of him. His wife picked up as he would have picked up a gold watch, in the way of his vocation. She was the daughter of a man who had been sent out at the Government expense to cultivate the Ameriuan plantations; and, being excessively pretty, and entirely friendless, the idea struck him that she would make nim a nice wife, and at the same time relieve him from all fear of inquisitive relations. He therefore threw off the cumbrous appendages which formed his disguise, and appeared to her in his character of Jasper Hawke. As he was then ouly thirty-one, and not positively ugly, the poor girl, who was left without an adviser at the age of sixteen, accepted his offer, and became, within a week, Mrs. Jasper Hawke. Strange to say, she had never, from that moment to the time I introduce her to my readers, repented, for an instant, her marriage. Apart from his utter want of scruple, Hawke was a pleasant fellow enough, and was devotedly attached to his beautiful wife and the two charming children she had brought him.

Millicent Hawke knew that her husband was a thieves lawer, but had no conception in what way he received his payments. Happy in her ignorance, therefore, she willingly acceded to her husband's wish that she should never penetrate her husband's private sanctum; and only thanked heaven for giving her his devoted love, and for having saved her from the horrid fate which would have awaited her had she been thrown friendless on the world.

It seemed, indeed, a strange fatality which brought Lady Carow—or, as we must henceforth call her, Madame de Morneaut—to the house of such a man as Jasper Hawke. Having resolved, however, to abandon his profession when he should have attained his fortieth birth ay, and live in peace and security for the remainder of his days, Jasper screwed together every available farthing, and, accordingly, was not ashmed to descend to letting lodgings. Quite by accident, Madame le Morneaut had seen these lodgings when she was seeking for a place to hide away in for a time; and she had not been resident in the place for many weeks, before her shrewd mind discovered the character of her landlord, and it was not long before she and her son were on intimate terms with the family. It was one evening after a dinner at which the le Morneauts had assisted, that Jasper Hawke, leaning back in his easy chair, said, in a kind of confidential tone to the general company, "In six months I shall be forty years of age, and shall retire from my profession; yet, after twenty years of hard work, I have not made a fortune."

"If you do not object to risk, Mr. Hawke," said Constance, eyeing him fixedly, "I could make your fortune. I have a plan——"

"Madam," interrupted Jasper Hawke, "I never speak of business at home. Tomorrow I will call upon you, and you can explain your wishes."

He said no more, but the look which accompanied his words plainly indicated that he understood her.

MISS KATE RAYMOND—EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PLOT.

Although his wife was fully aware of the nature of his occupation, through which, indeed, she had first been introduced to him, Jasper Hawk was unwilling that she should partake in the confidence which Constance le Morneaut intended placing in him. He steadily refused, therefore, to hear anything from that lady until they were closeted alone together. Jasper never lost a chance of doing business. It may, therefore, be assumed that the interview was not long in taking place.

Mrs. Constance had resolved upon speaking plainly, and commenced by saying, abruptly, "Mr. Hawk, I trust you are a man of sense?"

Jasper laid his hand on his heart. Smiling blandly, he replied, "Such, during a career of many years, has been the public estimate of me."

"You are not, in that case, particular as to the nature of the business you undertake?"

"Certainly not, providing always that murder is out of the question."

Constance turned pale and bit her lip. Jasper read her heart. Read it through the medium of her fierce, malignant eyes.

"Murder!" she said, slowly, "is a weapon which it is always dangerous to employ—especially when you are seeking revenge. In this case it is foolish also, since murder means but the death of the victim, and revenge should be a prolonged agony of the heart. All I live for is revenge, but the death of those I hate would scarcely satisfy me."

Jasper bowed acquiescently. He was far from being of her opinion. He read her too well, and declined accordingly to commit himself to a reply.

"Perhaps, after all," thought he, "the woman does not know it; but she is just the one to throttle a rival if she had but the chance!"

Constance proceeded:—

"I will tell you my story briefly. I married when very young indeed,—in fact, when I was fifteen,—a Frenchman named Le Morneaut. By him I had one son—the young man who is here at the present moment. We had been married but a short time before my husband was arrested on a charge of forgery, and transported, mitigating circumstances enabling him to escape the scaffold. I was at the seaside when I met Sir Mordaunt Carew. I had heard that my husband was dead, and imagined, therefore, that I had a right to be married again. Sir Mordaunt Carew loved me—made me an offer—gave me the opportunity of securing for myself and child a splendid house and an honorable position, and who can blame me if I accepted him, and ran the risk of my husband being still alive?"

Jasper bowed again.

"Certainly, no one can blame you," he said.

"Well," continued Constance, "matters progressed well; my husband loved me, and had resolved upon bestowing upon my son all his property. There was, however, a brother of my husband named Wentworth Carew, who had a daughter. This daughter, whose name was Alice Rose Carew, was brought to our house, and the Baronet became fond of her. I contrived, however, to send her away; and for a time, after the Baronet's first sorrow had subsided, things proceeded as before. But her father returned to England, and soon afterwards the girl was restored to her family by a certain gipsy."

"A gipsy?"

"Yes; upon this gipsy hangs the whole thread of my revenge."

"Indeed! He will assist you, then?"

Constance smiled.

"Yes; in a negative manner," she said. "This supposed gipsy is the son of Sir Mordaunt Carew by a former wife. But, before explaining this, let me tell you what this brother did in addition to depriving my son of his inheritance. He brought with him to England my first husband, told all to Sir Mordaunt, and induced him to dismiss me the house.

"This gipsy—Bamfylde, by name—has lately, I find, been tried for high treason, and condemned to death. He has, however, escaped by the connivance of his father, I presume, and is hiding from the authorities. Sir Mordaunt has quitted suddenly his town house, and retired to Cornwall. My idea, therefore, is that he is screening his son somewhere."

"And you wish, I presume, to deliver his son over to justice?" said Jasper Hawk.

"Precisely."

"And how will this enable you to have revenge upon this brother who has so injured you?

"There exists no better method of vengeance. The daughter of this brother—Alice, who is the idol of her father—loves Bamfylde, the son of Sir Mordaunt. To see Bamfylde die upon the scaffold would be death to her."

She ceased. Jasper Hawk thought a moment—thought intently, looking apparently at his companion as he did so, but in reality peering into space. At length he relaxed his fixed gaze, and said, smilingly, "I think I see my way clearly. My experience in these matters enables me to make out a story from a very small outline. Sir Mordaunt Carew helps his son to escape from prison. He then lets his town-house, and proceeds to his family estate in Cornwall. The son goes thither, lives in one of his houses under an assumed name, weds the daughter of Wentworth Carew, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. Meanwhile Sir Mordaunt is indefatigable in his attempts to save his son, pesters the Government, and so on, and ultimately succeeds. What do you think of that, eh—eh, Mrs. Le Morneaut? Isn't that about it?"

The eyes of Constance glistened. She was evidently in the hands of a clever man.

"You have exactly hit upon the story, I think, Mr. Hawk," she said; "and I am sure I can safely leave all to you."

Jasper bowed.

"The affair will be expensive?" he said, inquiringly.

"It will, no doubt," returned his new client; "and I will supply you accordingly with money. How much shall we say to commence with?"

Jasper smiled again—this time more blandly than ever.

"You're a woman of business, madam," he said—"quite a woman of business. We will say a hundred pounds for current expenses, just to go on with, you know."

"Very well."

"This will not embarrass you?"

"Not at all. Sir Mordaunt has given me permission to draw upon his bankers for a certain sum. Besides this, I have some goods which I desire to dispose of. Have you any means in aiding me in this?"

Jasper's heart bounded. This was something more than ever in his line. But would it be wise to confess it?

"Well, madam," he said, in a deprecating tone of voice—"well, madam, to oblige you, I will endeavor to dispose of them; but it is quite beyond my usual track of business."

"Oh, if it does not suit you, I can ask my son——"

Jasper interrupted her.

"No, madam," he said; "it will be best to have no confidants. I will dispose of them. Are there many articles?"

"I will show them to you to-morrow," she answered. "Meanwhile I will give you some more details which will be useful to you; then you can commence operations."

"Yes, madam, I will commence to-morrow night."

The owner of the gold-headed stick proceeded to his office as usual, and as usual came home to his dinner at four, after leaving directions for the administration of his office for an indefinite period by his clerk. At the door he was met by wife Millicent. Her eyes betrayed her. She had been weeping.

"What is the matter, dear Millie?" said Jasper, kindly; "Who has been offending you?"

"No one, indeed, only I am very unhappy."

They were alone in the room, and the greedy lawyer, who was so stern to others, but loved his wife better than all other things in the world, drew her upon his knee, and put her arms about his neck.

"Unhappy, Millie!" he said. "Why, what has happened?"

"I am afraid you will be angry with me if I tell you."

"No, I shall not."

"You are quite sure—you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"I heard your conversation with Mrs. Le Morneaut this morning."

Jasper's brow darkened.

"You were listening, then?" he said.

"I knew you would be angry."

"I am not angry—I am sorry. How was it?"

"You know, Jasper, that at the end of the room in which you had the interview with our lodger, there is a little one which has no outlet except through that where you sat?"

"Yes—were you there then?"

"I was. I heard that woman speak of revenge, and I listened. I caught the whole story. Oh, Jasper—say you will not help her—say you will not bring ruin and misery upon those young hearts!"

Jasper was moved. He put his wife gently away, and, rising, went to the window. After a moment, he said: "Millie, you know what I was when you married me; you knew my disposition somewhat, and you certainly knew my vocation. Of my character you have had abundant opportunities of judging; of my disposition, my love for you must have afforded you abundant proof."

Millie went up to him. She looked up tenderly in his face, and nestled closely to his heart. Her eyes were full of tears.

"You know, dearest, I love you!" she said.

"Yes, I do know it!" he answered, smiling.

"You have been a kind, good husband to me—but what then? Are you, therefore, to prevent others from being happy?"

He answered not. She proceeded:

"Who knows but this Bamfylde loves Alice as you love me? Who knows but she is like me?"

"That is unlikely."

Millie smiled. She saw the implied compliment. Nevertheless, she was not to be turned from her purpose. She went on, still looking into his face, still clinging to his arm.

"This Bamfylde, who is the heir to a baronetcy, has dragged on a weary life among the gipsies, and has hoped—lived on the hope—that the girl he loved would one day be his wife. In this fond hope, then, is he to be deceived—is he to go in sorrow to the grave—to a felon's grave, too—because a wicked woman hates him?"

Jasper Hawk felt uncomfortable. He tapped his foot impatiently on the floor.

"Millie," he said, "I am hungry—is dinner ready?"

She smiled sadly.

"Oh, Jasper!" she answered, "you will not answer me?"

He did answer. And to her who had never before seen anything but smiles upon his face, and never heard aught but kind words from his tongue, the answer seemed hard and stern.

"Millie," he said, "this comes from your listening. Many times I have warned you against eavesdropping, and the result of your first disobedience is a coldness between us. See how much better it would have been to have followed my rule, and have allowed me to have kept my Bluebeard chamber."

He jested, truly. But though the words came glibly enough from the tongue, she could see how hurt and vexed he was.

She knew why, also. She knew he was not so much vexed with her as vexed with himself. Not so much at the idea of her having acted the spy, as at the knowledge that she had discovered him acting unworthily.

"Very well, Jasper," said Millie, quietly. "I will ask no more questions."

He drew her to his heart.

"That is right, my little one," he said; "you will find it best. And, by the way, let me tell you one thing, which you will, no doubt, be glad to hear."

"What is that?"

"I was out in my calculations by three months. *In three months I retire from my profession!*"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT HOME IN CORNWALL.

When Wentworth Carew heard the tramping of horses' feet, and heard from the coachman that a regiment of artillery was approaching, he instantly concluded that his companion was lost.

"What is to be done, Bamfylde?" he said, appealing, in his alarm, to the very one who looked for help to him.

"I must hide beneath one of the seats," he said, "and the driver had better go on at full speed."

Wentworth put his head out of the window.

"Drive on!" he cried to the coachman—"drive on at a gallop."

When he looked in again, Bamfylde was invisible. They had adopted the very worst plan they could have hit upon. A carriage going at full speed along a country road, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, would naturally be regarded with suspicion. Fortunately for Bamfylde, the driver found it impossible to comply with Wentworth Carew's directions. The road was very dark, and the approaching troops occupied near the whole of the highway. He had, therefore, to go at an easy walk, and when the artillery came up with the carriage, they passed it by without giving it even a glance of inquiry. Bamfylde emerged from his hiding place.

"Thank Heaven, that danger is past," cried he, as he resumed his seat, and the horses once more dashed onwards rapidly.

Carew Castle was an ancient place, indeed. Built upon a bluff headland in Cornwall, it overlooked for miles the wild waste of waters. It had been erected hundreds of years before, and the centuries during which it had defied the wrath of storms, had marked their progress by rents here and rents there, where ivy clung to the blackened walls and held the tottering masses together. The part in which Sir Mordaunt resided was that facing the land. This part of the castle was, of course, more sheltered from the weather than the other, and was therefore in better repair. It was of more recent date, also, than the tower and keep, and was scarcely, moreover, in keeping with the old castellated house of the Carews. It resembled more the mansion of a private family, as it truly was. The architect had paid more attention in the constructing of it to the comfort of the interior than the beauty of the exterior; and any one gazing on it, therefore, for the first time, would have been far from pleasantly impressed. So it is, generally, in the architecure of our houses now-a-days. The light, airy, fantastic structures which adorn our suburbs, and go by the names of "Italian Villa," "Gothic Cottage," &c., have generally not a single room that can be used with comfort. It is the heavy, block-like buildings which look so excessively substantial, and so excessively ugly, that present you with large, well-shaped rooms, adapted for the reception of company. The grounds surrounding Carew Castle were very spacious, and laid out in what was then termed modern style. On the estate beyond these grounds, were six or seven villas, dotted here and there picturesquely over the landscape, many of them almost hidden amid masses of embowering foliage. One of these houses, however, had a bad reputation—as houses will have in which crimes have been committed. It stood on the edge of the cliff almost parallel with the castle, though distant from it nearly a mile, and only distinguishable from the topmost window of the castle turret. At the period of our story it was in bad repair. It was useless to attempt to keep it in any order. No one could inhabit it. So the cobwebs obscured the windows, and the gate hung on rusted hinges, and grass and weeds covered the paths and choked the doorways. Its very name was a terror. And the story which made it so, ran briefly thus: Some years before there arrived from London a married couple. The wife was a young girl of some twenty summers, with a lovely face, surrounded by light curls, an exquisite figure, and a light, ringing voice. The husband was a man of fifty years, with a somewhat bent and feeble form; a bright eye and a benevolent face. They seemed happy. Parties were given, and the gentry of the neighborhood invited. Beautiful, indeed, they thought her, as she appeared in her ball-dress, with her bright curls falling over her alabaster shoulders. But they little knew her character. Little did they dream what visions those eyes saw; little did they dream that in their quiet depths lurked a demon; that that tongue which prattled so childlike could say bitter, cruel things; that beneath those ivory breasts, which in their rounded beauty defied the sculptor's art, beat a heart full of deceit and guile. At length a cloud fell over the household at Rosemary Cottage. Major Fortescue was never seen out in the company of his wife. They took walks separately, she being always accompanied by a female servant, and the balls were discontinued. Suddenly a stranger appeared in the neighborhood. A young, handsome man, who inquired eagerly for Mrs. Fortescue, and was refused admittance to the house. A week after, the body of Major Fortescue was found crushed beneath the cliffs, from which he [illegible] distance of a hundred feet. An inquiry was instituted, [illegible] thought it a crime. No one even dreamed of its being a suicide or an accident. The widow expressed intense sorrow [illegible] inquiry ended in smoke. Yet no one who knew was Though the guilt was not fixed upon any one by the gossips, they shook their heads when a certain name was mentioned. A confession from the servant-maid some years after, cleared up the mystery, and proved that their suspicions were correct. Annie Wilmer was the daughter of a merchant who had failed in business. Beautiful, and madly fond of pleasure, she was horrified at the fall in her father's position, and pined away visibly for want of society. It was while she was becoming more restless, day by day, that she met Major Fortescue. He was at once attracted by her beauty; and she allowed his attentions. She was engaged to a young man some two years her senior, who was then abroad on business, but she had not heard from him for some time; and although she loved him well, her life at home had become so irksome that she gladly availed herself of the first opportunity of escape. So Annie Wilmer, forgetting or rejecting with scorn the vows of fidelity she had made to Harry Barnley, became the wife of the old but wealthy Major Fortescue, who on the wedding-day settled upon her the whole of his property. He worshipped her too much to observe the shudder with which she recoiled from his kisses when he welcomed her home. Affairs went on very well until they began to see company; then the first sorrow came upon the old man's heart. What can men of his age expect who marry young girls? Why should they try to pluck the blooming rose upon the very brink of the grave? Harry Barnley was among the guests. Annie invited whom she liked, and her husband never dreamed that she would be so imprudent as to ask her former lover to her house. Nor, indeed, would he have thought that Harry Barnley would have come. Very soon, however, he found how matters stood. Harry came every day to the house, and in a short time every one was gossiping. The Major found himself the object of general ridicule, and determined at once to put a stop to it. Giving up his town house, therefore, he came down to Cornwall.

Not until they arrived at Rosemary Cottage did he inform his wife of the reason of his leaving town. It was then the old story. Annie, of course, with tears in her eyes, denied any want of fealty to him, even in thought. The old man was partly convinced, but he would not return to London. This was what she begged him to do. "I shall pine away in this lonely place!" she said. She never minded allowing him to see how little she loved him. She never imagined it worth while to deceive him. She would often say to Clementine, her confidential servant, "My husband is very unreasonable. An old man, such as he is, ought to be satisfied with having a beautiful young wife, and let her do as she pleases." "My dear," he said one day, "you tell me that you will pine away in this dull place. What you want is society. You shall have it." So they began the old routine, and balls were again the order of the day. But the cloud soon came once more. The beautiful young wife found herself the centre of admiration, and flirted desperately. After one night of reckless folly, her husband spoke to her of it at the breakfast-table.

"Annie," he said kindly, but severely, "you gave me much sorrow last night. You are yet scarcely of age; I am old. While I live I must preserve not only my honor, but my self-respect. I can have no more such scenes as that I saw last evening. From this time I will see no more society. Death will ere long relieve you of my presence, which is so burdensome to you; till then be patient."

This was of course the signal for reiterated protestations of devoted attachment, and entreaties to forgive a weak, giddy girl. But this time the Major was inexorable. He behaved to her as he had done before, with uniform kindness. But there was no society. Rosemary Cottage settled down into its quiet old routine. It was one evening, after dinner, that Annie was seated in the drawing-room. Her husband slept in his arm-chair opposite to her. Suddenly a servant entered quietly, and gave her a letter.

"Please, madam," said the girl, "this letter was enclosed in one addressed to Clementine."

The girl knew there was a secret, and spoke low, so as not to wake her master. Annie uttered a smothered cry, as she glanced at the missive. She knew well the handwriting. Her eyes expanded—her bosom panted wildly with excitement—and she gazed uneasily at her husband.

"Something's up," muttered the servant girl, as she left the room.

Meanwhile, Annie eagerly tore open the letter. It ran thus:—

"DEAREST ANNIE,

"I still address you thus, although you so cruelly deceived me. I have at length discovered your address, the place where your old tyrant of a husband keeps you, as it were, imprisoned. I must see you again. I long to throw myself at your feet, and implore you to be mine. Oh, fly with me to some distant country, where our names and persons will be unknown. I will be with you

Tuesday, the 9th of May, at nine o'clock. Be in the garden. "Yours forever, "HARRY."

Annie put the letter in the flames of the lamp calmly, though her whole person was trembling with agitation. Then she glanced at the clock. It was half-past eight. What was to be done? While she was doubting, her husband woke.

"Ah, my dear!" he said with a pleased smile. "I am glad you are there!"

She smiled faintly. No words would come to her lips. Her heart was beating—panting violently as if it would leave her bosom.

"I wish," he continued, languidly—"I wish you would read to me. I feel low-spirited to-night. It seems as if a cloud was over me—as if something was about to happen."

The clock pointed to a quarter to nine. Annie rose. "I feel very ill," she said. "I waited but for your waking to go to my room and lie down. Still, if you wish it, I will read."

The Major sighed.

"No, my dear," he answered. "I am not so selfish as to wish you to read to me when you are ill. Kiss me, and go, dearest! I will take a turn in the garden presently; perhaps the fresh air will dispel my headache."

As her husband uttered these words, Annie thought she would have fainted. She glanced again at the clock. It was ten minutes to nine. With a desperate effort at calmness, she presented her lips to him to kiss, and hurried from the room. Little did the major imagine how soon that kiss would be wiped away by the passionate kisses of a lover! Annie hurried up to her room, and put on her bonnet and cloak.

"Clementine," she said, "Mr. Barnley has come down from London, and is even now waiting for me at the garden gate. The man's rashness will be my ruin. Let no one know I have gone out—let every one think I am in my room."

"Very well, ma'am."

"The major has just told me," she continued, "that he is going for a walk in the garden. You must go down, and contrive to delay him. The means I leave to you, for I have no time to lose."

Wretched woman! Why did she go? Why did she not resolutely refuse to listen to the voice of the tempter? It was written otherwise. Along the soft grass she crept—no one hearing her. At the gate stood a figure. He was already there.

"Dearest Annie——" he began, springing forward to greet her.

She seized his arm convulsively, and drew him away down the road.

"Hush!" she whispered. "There is danger here; let us hasten away!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CRICKET.

The Capitoline Hotel,
BEDFORD AVE., near GATES AVE.,
BROOKLYN.
Johnson's Celebrated Old Burton, East India and XXX Ale on draught.
A 1 Liquors and Segars.
THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
"BYRON," OF CRICKET RENOWN, will be happy to meet all comers in a friendly contest. 9-3m*

Cricket. Cricket. Cricket.
I have on hand the Largest, Best, and Cheapest STOCK OF CRICKETING IMPLEMENTS IN THE U. S. List of prices sent by mail. Address J. PARKER, Germantown, Phila., Pa. 14-5t*

Matches Arranged.

AUG. 2.—Satellite, first eleven, vs. Manhattan, first eleven, (return match) at Hoboken.
3.—New York, second eleven, vs. Satellite, at Bedford.
4 and 5.—New York, first eleven, vs. Willow, at Bedford.
9.—New York, second eleven, vs. Bronxville, at Bedford.
10.—Manhattan vs. Satellite, second elevens, return game.
15 and 16.—New York, first eleven, vs. Unknown, return game, at Newark.
18.—(Proposed.) New York, third eleven, vs. Satellite second eleven, return game, at Williamsburgh.
24.—(Proposed.) New York vs. St. George, second elevens, return game, at Bedford.
SEPT. —New York, second eleven, vs. Bronxville, return game, at Bronxville.
—New York, first eleven, vs. Philadelphia, return game, at Philadelphia.

NEW YORK vs. ST. GEORGE.

The second elevens of these clubs played a game together on the St. George Grounds at Hoboken, on Wednesday, the 20th inst., the result being the success of the first innings, the time and duties being decided by the toss, which we append:—

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Suydam b Kendall	6	b Torrence	15
Hall c Mumford b Houghton	0	b Houghton	12
O A Ray b Kendall	0	c Mumford b Torrance	46
Moore c Outerbridge b Kendall	3	c Kendall b Torrance	0
Tyler b Kendall	9	not out	6
Neff c Kendall b Houghton	3	b Houghton	0
Garrison c Torrance b Kendall	6		
T Crossley b Houghton	2		
T Maddock not out	4	l b w b Kendall	1
Butler run out	0		
Haymer b Kendall	3		
Byes	1	Byes 11, wides 12, no ball 1	24
Total	37	Total	104

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
R Robinson c O A Ray b Garrison	1	b Tyler	15
Mumford run out	0	b Garrison	0
Torrance b Garrison	17	c Hudson b Tyler	32
Ford b Tyler	13	b Tyler	12
J W Gordon l b w b Garrison	3	b Tyler	2
G Gordon c Neff b Garrison	14	run out	6
Houghton c O A Ray b Garrison	5	run out	1
Outerbridge c Moore b Tyler	12	b Tyler	0
Kendal c Haymer b Tyler	1	not out	9
Vanderlip not out	4	c O A Ray b Tyler	2
Mackie b Garrison	1	b Tyler	2
Bye 1, wide 1	2	Byes 9, l b 4, wides 6, n b 2	21
Total	78	Total	103

Umpires—Messrs. Higham and Wright.

The game was characterized throughout by the most friendly feeling, and judging from the spirit manifested on both sides, we should say that the *entente cordiale* was again restored between the two clubs. It is to be hoped that such is the fact, and that in future none of the efforts of mischief makers will be permitted to influence the action of either club, one towards the other. Of the play on the occasion, we have to state that the result of this game, as well as others in which the St. George Club have been engaged, this season, shows plainly enough the advantage of playing practice matches frequently, and of playing them as earnestly as if they were regular games, club vs. club. The ball the New York and Willow clubs have of practicing on yat the bat or in bowling, every one thinking the duty of fielding as much as they can on practice days, is not calculated to make an eleven efficient in fielding. Hence, in a measure, the failure of the two clubs, as a general thing, in this most important department of the game. Practice fielding more, and play more scrub games, and more earnestly, too, than is generally done, and you will not be so ingloriously defeated as you have been of late.

MANHATTAN VS. SATELLITE.—The following is the score of the match played between the second elevens of these clubs on the 21st inst., at Hoboken:—

First Innings.		SATELLITE. Second Innings.	
Dodge b De Wilde	2	c Boyd jr	7
Tell c Symns	16	b De Wilde	3
Pelts b Boyd	46	c Bishop	0
Wilson c Franklin	7	b Boyd	1
Metcalfe b De Wilde	0	b De Wilde	1
Gibbs c Symns	1	b De Wilde	1
Perm b Symns	6	b De Wilde	1
W Wright b Boyd	4	b De Wilde	3
J Wright not out	3	b De Wilde	8
Baker c Simpson	0		
Holsby b Symns	2	not out	0
Byes 4, leg bye 1, wides 2	7	Byes 2, leg bye 1, wides 4	7
Total	94	Total	32

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Franklin b Wilson	9	not out	4
Simpson l b w b Wilson	1	c Wilson	13
Symns b Pelts	5	not out	2
Weston l b w b Pelts	4		
Boyd c Wright	21	b Wilson	3
J Tucker b Budge	36		
Lowe c Wilson	0	c Metcalfe	0
Campbell b Wright	0		
Boyd jr c Gibbs	1	c Tell	12
De Wilde c Tell	3	b Budge	0
Bishop not out	3	b Wilson	0
Byes 10, wides 8	18	Byes 2, wides 3	5
Total	90	Total	39

FOOT RACING IN CHICAGO.—The United Sons of Erin held their annual pic-nic, on July 14, at Desplaine Grove, distant from Chicago about eighteen miles. An immense number of persons of all ages and conditions were present, and the occasion was one of great hilarity, and the day was pleasant and cool. There were several foot races for prizes, and some of the fleetest runners in Chicago contended. Chicago contains a number of fleet runners, and as considerable rivalry exists among them, it was resolved to avail themselves of this occasion to try their respective speed and metal. The principal race was between John Brophy of Chicago, and Richard Brophy of St. Louis, both of whom are well-known in sporting circles. Both men were in good condition. The distance run was three-quarters of a mile and return. After some delay in choosing judges and referee, the men prepared for a start. At three o'clock precisely, they started, and, after a close contest, it was won by Brophy of Chicago. Considerable money changed hands on the result. L. H. O'Conner acted as umpire on behalf of Brophy of St. Louis, and John Normyle on behalf of Brophy of Chicago.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

MERCUTIO, Chicago.—1. Fanny Brown was born in Cincinnati, March 15, 1837. 2. Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is 134 feet front and 190 feet deep. The stage is 55 by 98 feet. The seating capacity is 3000 persons. Is owned by Mr. S. K. Pike, and cost half a million of dollars. 3. F. C. Wemyss published a Chronology of the stage in 1852; that is the latest published. It is not by any means a reliable book. 4. Eliza Logan is the wife of Mr. George Wood, the well known manager. She left the stage several years ago. 5. To the best of our knowledge Jane Davenport has not been on the stage for three years at least.

SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—"A friend wrote to you last week about a bet on two men chucking dice, but he did not inform you in the proper light. The case is this: A challenges B to throw for drinks—A says he can beat B for drinks for the party; B throws eleven, A throws eleven also. Is it not considered a tie, and must they not throw till one or the other wins? Please decide"..... It is a tie, and they must throw off. B in accepting A's offer, in reality bets that he can beat A.

BILL, Niagara, C. W.—1. A colored lithograph of Jem Mace of the same size as the Clay & Cosack picture of Joe Coburn, would cost considerable, according to the present rate of exchange, and we know of but one in the country which is for sale. For particulars address a note to Ned James, at this office. 2. We took the party for a "shyse" when the challenge was published, and hope the Canucks will boost him out wherever he shows his nose.

BROPHY, N. Y.—"Two men are playing All Fours; A deals the cards; B begs; A runs the cards. They both let the last three lay; A asks B what he will do with the first six. B claims that he can put the first six in the pack and leave the other three undisposed of. Please decide"..... B is wrong; he must decide what he will do either with the first six, or with the entire hand. He cannot put in the cards except by mutual consent.

JOHN BULL, 10th Army Corps, Bermuda Hundred.—1. The scores were correctly transcribed from those sent by a correspondent. We noticed the discrepancy, but as we had no data by which to correct it, we were compelled to let it go "with all its imperfections on its head." 2. Pigeon shooting is not so much in vogue with our sportsmen as formerly, hence the rules for the same in pamphlet form are scarce.

R. H. H.—1. So long as the number of points are equal for each one, we cannot see why 66 points are not quite as just as 67 points. 2. Supposing a player does not put his own ball into the pocket on the shot in which he completes his score, he is fully entitled to score "game." 3. The remaining players should take turns, as though it were only a two handed game.

G. T. M., Binghampton.—1. Joe Coburn did not offer to fight any man in England after his fight with McCoole; when King licked Heenan, he challenged King, but on that worthy stating that he had retired, Coburn sent a challenge to Jem Mace, and these are the only two men in England he cared to fight. 2. Dominick Bradley won both his fights.

LAFAYETTE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Four men are playing a game of Draw Poker. Jones goes $10 blind, Brown looks at his cards, sees the blind, and raises it $10 before Jones makes it good or raises. Jones contends that no one has a right to raise until he makes it good and raises himself"..... Jones is wrong. Brown can see the blind and raise it if he thinks proper.

H. C., Virginia, N. T.—1. The Novice who fought Dooney Harris, but whose fight is not recorded in "Pistiana," was Harry Cooper, or Young Cooper, of London; they fought in June, 1851, 1h. 45m. for £5 a side, at Dartford Marshes, Long Reach, Harris being the winner. 2. Have handed that letter to the proper party.

MONTEVILLE.—1. We cannot send any one that would be likely to excel your "squib," as you term it; so will accept your promise and rely upon you for the same. 2. Shall in all probability be present at the billiard tournament. 3. You saw Calthrop's name in the score of the Boston cricket match?

E. C., Cleveland.—1. All right, will find a customer for you if we can. 2. CLIPPER No 1, Vol XII, is out of print. Would, for your sake, that we had one. 3. See turf column. 4. You saw that Ward was second in the race, did you? Well, every man has his day, you know.

SPLINTER, Philadelphia.—"If a man leaves Philadelphia at 2½ o'clock A. M. on the 21st and returns at 11½ o'clock on the 23d, is he gone two days?"..... No—the two days would be completed at 2½ A. M. of the 23d.

HECTOR.—1. As you might suppose, it is an impossible thing for us to say why the two parties differ in opinion. 2. Flora Temple trotted in a match against Ethan Allen after making her fast time of 2:19¾.

E. C. D., Chicago.—1. Miss Georgie Dean Spalding is one of the best harpists in the profession. 2. She is not to our knowledge a married lady. 3. We cannot post you as to what business the lady's father is in.

LEVI TAYLOR, Belleville.—Your subscription commenced with Number [illegible]

BOUCKVILLE, C. W.—1. There is a well known stallion named St. Lawrence, and we presume his stock his known by that name. 2. Tom Hyer only fought one battle with McCleester.

B., Brooklyn.—Mlle. Ernestein, now performing at Barnum's, is Miss Ernestine de Falber, well known in the music halls in this city.

P. W. & P. E., Washington.—In such a case tricks count before honors, consequently you succeeded in "skunking" your opponents, as you term it; that is to say, your side secured a "slam."

A CONSTANT READER, St. John, N. B.—You can insist upon his cutting within three cards of the top or bottom; you are therefore right.

LA HAT.—1. The best months for robin shooting are December and January. 2. The charge for a course of three lessons in sparring is $12.

CONSTANT READER.—You inquire the best five mile time here and in England, but do not specify whether you mean a trotting, running, foot or boat race.

M. E. E., Northampton.—There are no settled rules to regulate the skin game; it is governed by local customs. Our opinion is, that two points only can be scored.

ARTILLERIST.—Write to the American Watch Manufactory Company (Waltham, Mass.) in Broadway, New York, for full particulars.

C. W. S.—James W. Wallack, Jr. and Lester Wallack are cousins, James is the son of Henry Wallack, and Lester is the son of Jas. Wallack, Sen.

F. A. L.—When the Richings' left for California they were under a one hundred nights' engagement to Thomas Maguire. They will probably return about the first of October.

CHARLIE, Rochester.—Neither of the Welshes ever exchanged compliments in the P. R. with Morrissey; neither did Heenan receive or decline such challenge. The payer is in error.

"THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA," requires more pruning, etc, than we have time to give it. We think you can do much better by devoting more time and study to the subject.

TIM DINGLEUNGUS, Janesville, Wis.—*Is* that your name? The party inquired after is in business here, as usual, and we cannot understand why your letters have not been answered.

CO. G., Tybee Island.—If it was a part of the agreement that the bull's eye should be hit, then neither man wins—it is a draw; but if not so specified, then X wins, he having struck the target.

CORRESPONDENT.—1. Johnny Aymar was killed at Astley's, London, some years ago, while performing in the ring. 2. A letter addressed care of CLIPPER office will reach Mr. W. B. Donaldson.

MERCHANT.—If the officer should be detailed for any special duty, and obtains permission from headquarters, he can dress in citizen's clothes.

G. C., Buffalo.—Edwin Adams is not acting at present. He is now and will be for some time at his country residence at Deal, Long Island, N. Y.

B. F. PHELPS, Bouckville.—The CLIPPER of July 2d and 9th is out of print.

D. N. D.—Maggie Mitchell is not married, so we have been informed.

J. McC., Philadelphia.—A deposit will be most likely to secure you a customer.

J. ABRAHAM, Philadelphia.—The parties will not pay any attention to such acceptance, unless accompanied with a forfeit.

JULIUS B., Chicago.—Read our paper, and you will find your questions generally answered in the various departments.

LUCHIE, St. Louis.—It is a point which should be settled before commencing the game; it is played differently in different localities.

W. J. H., Upper Sandusky, O.—The Queen of the Trotting Turf, Flora Temple, is alive and well.

MANHATTAN, Johnstown, Pa.—See Harry Jennings' address in his advertisement in our ring department.

HEMLOCK.—Any fishing tackle manufacturer will tell you the best kind of hook, bait, etc., for striped bass fishing.

A. H., St. Louis, Mo.—We do no business in that way, so are unable to give you the information you seek.

A. B., Peoria, Ill.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought their great prize fight on the 7th of February, 1849.

STUMPY.—Tom King fairly whipped Heenan in their fight at Wadhurst.

B., Chicopee.—Your items will be acceptable. The score of the game will be found in another column.

CARLTON.—Address John Cooper, Military Hall, Bowery. Mr. Cooper is of the Burton Dramatic Association.

WINNER.—Jem Mace was born in 1831; Tom Sayers was "ushered into existence" in 1826.

J. S. R.—Parties in our advertising columns offer to supply all the recipes you inquire for at very reasonable rates.

W. L.—We do not know Mr. Stewart's private address; apply at either of his stores.

PHILIP BURTON, Baltimore, Md.—Your advertisement, as it stands, will cost you ten dollars for three months.

G. C., West Philadelphia.—It is an advertisement, and must be paid for as such.

M. S. KENT.—Mr. Bogan, who advertises in our columns, teaches jig and fancy dancing.

SAM SHARPLEY.—We sent you by express last week the package of 300 papers as you directed.

Miss M. B., Bridgeport.—The party has closed up for the season.

EUCHRE.—D cannot play it alone on his partner's make.

SAM RAINFORTH.—As it stands, $7.50 for three months.

JOHN MORRISSEY.—We have a letter for you.

LILLIAN ROBERTS.—Jimmy Hamill has named his winning boat "Lilian Roberts," after a little daughter of Stephen Roberts, who built the shell.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

Price of the Clipper to be Ten Cents.

WHEN business was good, and the price of paper without any great fluctuation, we concluded to share our profits with the patrons of the CLIPPER, and to this end we enlarged our paper, and made other improvements, without raising the price, or without the slightest intention of so doing. We voluntarily took upon ourselves an extra weekly expense of upwards of $300, so that our readers should have a much larger and better paper than we had previously been giving them; we meant to continue as we had begun, but almost immediately after the commencement of our enlarged form, paper and everything necessary in the publication of a newspaper began to increase in price; if we could foresee any limit to the continued advance in paper, we should be able to trim our sails accordingly, and go on at the present rates, being perfectly willing to submit to a loss if we could see where it would end; but paper has gone up so regularly, and so steadily, until it is now double what it was three or four months ago, and other expenses have likewise so greatly increased, that we find it necessary to state these facts to our patrons, and to announce that after this issue, commencing with date of August 6th, THE RETAIL PRICE OF THE CLIPPER WILL BE TEN CENTS PER COPY, until such time as business once more resumes its legitimate channels, and the speculators are shorn of their strength.

We are as loathe to come before our readers with this announcement as they are to see it, but we are compelled to do so by the force of circumstances. We shall regret to lose any of our readers by this increase in price, and trust we shall not, for we have kept company together very pleasantly for several years. All the papers are increasing their terms, and those that have not done so already will be compelled to ere long.

NEW YORK BOATMEN.

WHERE ARE THEY?

The Empire City Stumped by the Smoky City.

IT was the impression, a week or two since, that a match for a four-oared boat race would be at once made between the crews of the Twilight, of Pittsburgh, and the George J. Brown, of New York. The Pittsburgh men were led to believe that the New Yorkers meant rowing, and to secure the match at once, they, the Twilight crew, sent us a draft for $1200, $200 of which was intended to defray the expenses of the Brown crew to row on the Monongahela, at Pittsburgh; but the Brown crew have failed to come up to the mark, and have not deposited one dollar toward the proposed match. What's the matter? Has New York's boating interests deteriorated so much that she suffers herself to be snubbed by a provincial town out west? Such things did not happen a few years ago. Then, no challenge remained unaccepted a day after it was issued. Even the great St. John crew, veterans in oarsmanship, were met by our young oarsmen, and though our men were defeated, they permitted no crew to challenge the Empire City with impunity. We used to have some fast four-oared teams, but the stock appears to have died out, or gone to the wars.

Having failed to induce the New Yorkers to row at Pittsburgh, the Twilight crew challenge the Brown, of New York, and the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie, to row them on the Hudson, merely claiming $200 for expenses, the same as they offered the New Yorkers. The terms appear to us to be very fair and reasonable, and we see no cause why the challenge should not be at once taken up, if we have any four-oared crews remaining on the Hudson. The following are the challenges, which reached longing to the Pittsburgh crew:

CARD.

PITTSBURGH, July 23, '64.

MR. FRANK QUEEN:—*Dear Sir:* As the Brown crew are evidently unwilling to come out here on the day they themselves named, we propose to meet them and the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie, on the terms mentioned in the articles enclosed. You will please hold five hundred dollars of our money as forfeit for each race, and forward to Joseph Bash, Pittsburgh, the remaining two hundred dollars. Hoping that we will have our offers closed with, and meet with as fair treatment as Pittsburghers tried to extend to your champion, Ward, we remain yours truly,

JOE BASH,
WM. CAMPBELL,
JACOB MENGES,
A. W. WHITE.

The crew of the four-oared boat Twilight, of Pittsburgh, named below, will row Messrs. Leary and the brothers Biglin, crew of the George J. Brown, a five-mile race over the accustomed course at Cornwall, New York, at 4 o'clock P. M., on the 16th day of August prox., for a purse of one thousand dollars a side, subject to the following conditions:—

1st. Each boat to deposit as forfeit in the hands of the editor of the CLIPPER—who is hereby agreed upon as stakeholder—five hundred dollars, the remaining five hundred dollars to be deposited three (3) days before the day of the race. The Brown crew to pay the crew of the Twilight two hundred dollars (200) for expenses of coming east, which is to be paid with the first deposit.

2d. Each boat is to turn its own buoy, which are to be placed fifty yards apart, the choice of places and the direction of turning the buoys to be decided by lot.

3d. Each crew shall select two judges, the four judges to choose an umpire, whose decision shall be final.

4th. Either boat fouling, or attempting to take any unfair advantage of the other, shall be distanced.

5th. The judges shall have the power to postpone the race until the first fair day, in case they consider the course too rough for fair rowing.

6th. These articles to be signed by the crew of the Brown on or before the 26th day of July inst., or otherwise to be of no effect.

Crew of Twilight:—
JOE BASH,
W. CAMPBELL,
JACOB MENGES,
A. W. WHITE.

Crew of G. J. Brown:—

The crew of the four-oared boat Twilight, of Pittsburgh, named below, will row the crew of the four-oared boat Stranger, of Poughkeepsie—Messrs. Stevens, Wooden, Burgher, and ——, a five mile race over the usual course at Poughkeepsie, at 4 o'clock P. M., on the 18th day of August next, for a purse of $1,000 a side, subject to the following conditions:—

1st. Each boat to deposit a forfeit in the hands of the editor of the CLIPPER—who is hereby agreed upon as stakeholder—of $500, upon signing articles, the remaining $500 to be deposited three days before the race, the Stranger crew to pay the crew of the Twilight two hundred dollars ($200) for expenses, which is to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder with the first deposit.

2d. Each boat to turn its own buoy, which are to be placed fifty yards apart, the choice of position and the direction of turning the buoys to be decided by lot.

3d. Each crew shall select two judges, they to select an umpire, whose decision shall be final.

4th. Either boat fouling, or attempting to take unfair advantage of the other, shall be distanced.

5th. It is to be *especially understood*, that if the 18th—the day chosen for the race—should be windy, then the race to be postponed from day to day until the first calm day after.

6th. These articles to be signed by the crew of the Stranger on or before the 28th of July, or otherwise be of no effect.

Crew of the Twilight:—
JOE BASH,
W. CAMPBELL,
JACOB MENGES,
A. W. WHITE.

If we have any crew this way, one or both of these offers should be accepted. We believe the crew of the Brown are willing to pull, but the man who controls them is afraid to meet the Pittsburgh crew. Let the Brown crew act for themselves, and cut loose from timid backers. When Mr. Stephen Roberts managed boating affairs, matches were made in a quicker manner than of late years. Some of the so-called backers of the present day are better fitted to manage paper boats than anything substantial. Let the crew of the Brown act for themselves, instead of backing and filling as they have been compelled to do by their manager.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—As may readily be supposed, this prominent sporting event has not and will not attract a very great deal of public attention until the summer solstice has passed. The present holder of the championic emblem, the golden cue, is bestowing more attention at the present time to the out-door pastime of base ball, than billiards; and we presume Phil Tieman, of Cincinnati, Kavanagh's next competitor, is taking things easy at his country seat. This change will, we doubt not, prove rather beneficial than otherwise, and when their ruralising is over, they will return to the exercises of the cue with increased zest and interest, which will induce painstaking and consequent improvement in skill, so that we may safely expect that the next match for the Billiard Championship of America will be one of the most interesting of the series; at all events, let us hope so.

THE BOAT RACE.

ELSEWHERE, in this issue of the CLIPPER, will be found a special report of the late sculling match between James Hamill and Joshua Ward. Jimmy Hamill is still champion, the man from the Hudson River having failed to "take the starch out of him," as our sporting friends would express it. The contest does not seem to have been very spirited, Hamill taking the lead from the start, and holding it to the end of the race. The winner is a plucky little man, and pulls a plucky scull; but what surprises people is, how he manages to keep up that quick-stroke so long and with such undeviating regularity; most men would have to ease up before they had gone a mile, at Hamill's gait, but Jimmy doesn't seem to tire in the least, and, to appearances, would be able to pull double the distance, if it were necessary. Ward's stroke is more "artistic," and pleases the eye better than Hamill's, but his long swing does not propel his light canoe with the force that the champion's quick dashes urge along his little shell. We do not believe there will be another meeting between these two men; they have already pulled against each other on five different occasions—on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, and on the Monongahela at Pittsburgh—and out of those five contests Ward succeeded in winning but one; and then, it was urged, Jimmy was not in "good form."

Now that the Pittsburgh man has repeatedly made good his claims to the American championship, we should like to hear of his trying the mettle of some of the oarsmen of England. We know it was Hamill's intention to have sailed for England a month or two ago, for the purpose of seeing what he could do with our trans-Atlantic friends, but the match with Ward interfered with his arrangements; whether he will visit England this season or not, we are not apprised; but when he does, he will no doubt give a good account of himself.

THE TAX ON BILLIARD TABLES.—We are glad to be able to announce the final settlement of the question as to the proper amount of tax payable upon billiard tables kept for hire, which has so long been a subject of annoyance and uncertainty to billiard room proprietors. The tax imposed by Congress soon after the war, was $5 per annum for each table kept for hire, and $10 for each table kept for private use. This was willingly paid by billiard room proprietors, but on the appointment of Mr. Lewis as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, he decided that public tables were liable to both taxes, or $15 each table per year. This sum was collected by the Assessors, and paid under protest. Thanks, however, to the persistent and disinterestedness of Messrs. Phelan & Collender, who directed their personal efforts to bring the facts of the matter before the members of the Legislature, the new Internal Revenue Bill just passed by Congress, definitely fixes the tax on billiard tables kept for use at $10 each per annum, and that they shall not be liable to any other license whatever. This decision is most satisfactory.

ARRIVED.—Mr. J. W. Warren, of the firm of Warren, Smith & Co., stock brokers, and who has for a long time been more or less connected with the newspaper fraternity of California, arrived here on the 19th inst., upon the steamer Northern Light. It is Mr. Warren's intentions to remain here for some time, and during his sojourn among us, he will act as a correspondent for the San Francisco *Spirit of the Times*, and other leading papers of that city.

A UNITED STATES HORSE AND CARRIAGE AUCTION MART is soon to be one of the institutions of this great city of Gotham; it is to be opened in due form on Aug. 3d, when Messrs. H. J. Jordan & Co. will for the first time knock down horses, carriages, and other equestrian paraphernalia with the hammer. The institution will prove to be a very convenient thing to have in the city, and the enterprise should prove a paying one. The location of the "Mart" of building, plans and purposes of the company, etc., see advertisement in another column.

"THE COWARD."—A war novel, by Henry Morford, has just been issued from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. This new work is called "The Coward, a Novel of Society and the Field in 1863." It is full of exciting incidents of the battle field and camp life, and the language is clear and forcible. It is a book of 520 pages, the cost of which, in paper cover, is $1.50

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB will *rendezvous* at Whitestone on the 26th inst., it is announced, preparatory to their usual summer cruise up Long Island Sound. Newport and New Bedford are among the ports they will cast anchor in during their cruise.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC EVENT.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace.

WE are in receipt of foreign sporting papers to date of July 9, but they contain almost nothing in regard to the great pugilistic match between the above named gladiators. What they do say, however, will be found in the appended paragraphs.

"'Tis not done yet: I would be loathe to pay him before his day."
HENRY THE FOURTH.

The match between these celebrities is certainly progressing as to the main points, the final stakeholder receiving the money most punctually each week that is specified by articles, but the only shortcoming of propriety in conducting the arrangements would appear to be that, in some instances, the half century of corianders are never posted in public, as in the memorable cases of Sayers and Heenan and Tom King and the Benicia Boy, the latter of whom is still suffering fits from the recent Egham accident. Harry Brunton, the worthy landlord of the Green Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, very properly alluded to this unseemly defect on Tuesday evening, when the third deposit of £50 had to be staked there by the combatants or their agents. Host Harry mentioned that Coburn's chips were already in the stakeholder's bank. He showed the company Mace's "fifty," and hoped to hear of both parties attending themselves, or by deputy, on all further deposit evenings, to put down the coin and so give a tone and character to the match. Jem was present, but Coburn was in Limerick with Nat Langham, of the Mitre, St. Martin's Lane. In all probability, Mace will not leave town until he goes into training. Both men are in good rude health, even at our present time of writing. They have to post another £50 a side on the 19th inst.—*Illustrated Sporting News.*

The third deposit of £50 a side for this match was duly tabled on Tuesday evening, July 5, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, in the presence of a respectable muster of Harry's friends. The next deposit will be due on Tuesday week, and is to be made at some house to be named by Jem Mace. Coburn is still in Ireland, and he writes to us that he is deeply grateful for the kind reception he meets with at every turn. Nat Langham is at present with him, and is canvassing the *pros* and *cons* in the Sister Isle as to the chances of bringing off the match without interruption. An Irish paper states that Joe is a native of Middletown, County Armagh, which he left when twelve years of age.—*Bell's Life.*

The fourth deposit of £50 a side for this interesting match has to be staked on Tuesday, July 19, at a house to be named by Joe Coburn, and as it is the intention of Jem Mace to stake his money at each deposit, no doubt Joe Coburn or his representative will follow suit, and the deposits be made in the old fashioned style of staking at the houses named.—*Sporting Life.*

COBURN IN IRELAND.

The following is the latest bulletin from Coburn and his party, who were travelling in Ireland at last accounts:

LIMERICK, IRELAND, July 5th, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN:—We are in Limerick, all in good health and spirits. We have travelled a good deal in different parts of England, and are now moving forward in Ireland. We have met with very little success so far. We showed in Limerick on the 4th to a slim house. Joe sparred with Nat Langham, and made a plaything of him. Nat considers Joe one of the cleverest men he has come across in a long time. Joe performed very well, and has disappointed the people wherever he has exhibited. Langham thinks so well of the match that he stands £100 in the stakes. Joe has got quite big since he arrived here; he feels well, and is quite confident. I don't think there will be such odds on Mace as was at first expected. We had the pleasure of spending two days with ex-Alderman William Walsh, and a number of his friends, who are very numerous in this part of Ireland. They came from ten miles around the country to the benefit; a more hospitable people do not exist anywhere.

Yours, JAS. CUSICK.

BLUE FISHING is an exciting sport to those piscatorially inclined, and in Long Island waters it is said to be splendid at this time. If you don't know the how of it, we'll tell you. The blue fish, which when fresh and properly cooked, is a delicious morsel, is caught with a troll prepared with a bone or bright lead ferule, to which a large hook is fastened. The fishing boat keeps in motion before the breeze, while the line trails behind, and when the sport is good, the blue fish are fools enough to bite fiercely at lead or bone bait, so that the jolly fisherman has nothing to do but heave out and haul in his lines. Jamaica and Hempstead bays, Fire Island, and Montauk Point are all famous places for the sport in question, and on the 21st inst., we are told, a gentleman of Canarsie captured no less than eighty, averaging seven pounds each, in the first-named bay. Valued at 12 cents per pound, his "catch" would amount to the respectable figure of $67.20. A pretty good day's work.

HORSE POWDERS, ETC.—Mr. Fitzmaurice, a chemist of some twenty years experience, is said to possess curatives for almost every disease to which that noble animal, the horse, is heir. He has certificates from some of the leading men in England, as will be seen by reference to his advertisement elsewhere.

AQUATIC.

Race, Sail, and Fishing Boats,
BUILT IN THE BEST STYLE,
AT THE
BOAT BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT
OF
STEPHEN ROBERTS,
114th STREET AND AVENUE A,
Harlem River, New York.
Hamill's champion shell boat was built at this establishment. Boats of all kinds on hand for sale. 9-3m*

The Famous Four-oared Boat "Stranger," is for Sale for $160. It is one of the best Four-oared Boats ever built. Address "STRANGER," CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 11-tf

THE GREAT FIVE MILE BOAT RACE

FOR

The Sculling Championship of America and $1000,

BETWEEN

JAMES HAMILL, of Pittsburgh,

AND

JOSHUA WARD, of Cornwall,

ON THE

MONONGAHELA RIVER, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROWED ON THE 19TH OF JULY, 1864.

Won by HAMILL in 40:46.

By Our Special Reporter, Sent There Expressly to Report the same, and the Only Member of the Press from New York Who Witnessed the Race.

HOW THEY CAME TO BE MATCHED AND WHAT THEY'VE DONE.

The fourth Championship race between Joshua Ward and James Hamill is now among the events of the past, and the tall fisherman of Newburgh has sustained a defeat for the third time at the hands of the sandy-haired tight-built Pittsburgh glassblower. The first race took place on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, Aug 4, 1860, and was won by Hamill in 37:39; the second, at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, July 23, 1863, won by Ward in 42:29; the third, same course, Sept. 28, 1863, won by Hamill in 37:38; and the fourth (which is embraced in this report) on the Monongahela, at Pittsburgh, July 19, 1864, won by Hamill in 40:46. We have from time to time given in detail how the former matches were made and carried out, and when these celebrated oarsmen pulled their third race, which was only two months after the second, it was thought that the men, having had three trials, would lay off on their oars, unless perchance, a trans-Atlantic match could be arranged, of which there seemed more prospect then than there does now—but this was not to be so, as early in the month of April and so on up to July, "cards" passed and repassed between the aquatic trio, Stephens, Hamill and Ward, the first-named trying his persuasive powers to induce Hamill to make a third journey to the Hudson, which he positively refused to do, until, as he asserted, somebody went out that way and pulled a match. It was also stated that Hamill intended crossing the Atlantic during the summer to tackle Chambers, Cooper, or Richard Green, in anticipation of which, Stephens, seeing that there was a dead look about his ever rowing against Hamill on the North River, in May, issued a challenge to the effect that as Hamill contemplated paying a visit to England, he would have to take the steamer from New York, and he was willing to row him at Staten Island, commencing opposite Nautilus Hall, and pull two and a half miles out and ditto back again for $500 a side. About this time, Ward, thinking that sufficient time had elapsed without any definite conclusion being arrived at, and desiring to retrieve his laurels, renewed his offer to meet Hamill for the Championship on neutral waters, away from the City of Pittsburgh, but the Smoky City hero was obdurate and couldn't be wheedled or coaxed into any other arrangement than his original proposition, in which he was backed up by his fellow townsmen, who couldn't spare the time, or hadn't a superabundance of means, to leave their hearths and homes. Ward was bent on trying it on once more, away from Pittsburgh, if he could get it, but if he couldn't, he was willing to meet his old opponent on his own waters, and accordingly signified his willingness to make the match for $500 a side, he being allowed $100 for expenses, and row on the Monongahela river. More diplomatic correspondence passed touching certain "points" supposed to be favorable to either one, and it was not until the 17th of June that all the minor details were settled by Hamill agreeing to give Ward his own method of turning, which removed the last stumbling block, and the men went to work in earnest towards getting themselves in fix for the race, the tall son of Cornwall at his

and the night was a moonlight one, many of the sleepers togged themselves, and with a cigar in their mouth, occupied the different platforms to admire the grand, beautiful and lofty scenery along the Blue Mountains. At one point on the Juniata River we had to go over one of the most dangerous looking eminences we have yet seen outside of Niagara Falls. The cars run for the greater part of the distance along the Juniata, and at one certain spot, the track extends at the top and near the edge of a perpendicular cut, from fifty to a hundred feet above the river; to the left were immense mountains, while on the other side of the river ther mountains towered up like great phantoms, making a while scene a terribly grand one. While passing over this spot, which assumes the shape of a curve, strong men shut their eyes and clutched the car brakes, and those inside sitting near the sides involuntarily left their seats and jumped for the other side of the cars, as though that could save them had a collision or other accident occurred. A feeling of relief was experienced when the curve was passed, and we gradually got on to less dangerous ground, until the Iron City "hove in sight," as the sailors say it.

PITTSBURGH BY MOONLIGHT.

Every one who has ever travelled between Birmingham and Philadelphia, on the other side, or through the Black Country, as it is called, will agree with us that the outskirts of the city of Allegheny county are a counterpart of the route above alluded to. There is nothing but smoke and fire, the flames from thousand chimnies belonging to the different glass and iron foundries, copper and white lead factories, and machine shops, hissing heavenward, giving everything a Faust like appearance, and reminding sinners of their latter end. We should judge such a spot to be no place for invalids or counter jumpers.

THE RECEPTION AT THE DEPOT.

It was all of one o'clock in the morning, and perhaps later, when we struck the depot, having been riding on a rail, or rails, for at a score of hours, and consequently we felt jaded and played out. Although it takes a very large piece out of a $20 greenback to get there, we'll swear there's no pleasure about it, and we could see how folks could like railroading it. The journey however, was now over, and we were in the hands of our friends clever a set of sporting men as exists in the four hemispheres! Late as it was, quite a numerous party had anticipated our arrival, and towering high over all, the first man we recognized as the six-foot-three-two-hundred-and-fifty-pound ex-Chief Lineer, Wm. J. White, or Billy White, as he is generally called, ex Sheriff and Prison Inspector. Billy had the Boy by the hand a jiffy, and such a squeeze we haven't had since we met Joe C. Heenan in London. Johnny Loudon, Tony Newell, Matt Gin, Johnny Newell, and several others were amongst the crowd, and after the hand-shaking they formed an escort, took us prisoner, and after passing through a very circuitous route, we fetched at Sportsman's Hall, in Third street, kept by Johnny Loudon. Of course, among such clever fellows there was no going back on the boys, and the bar was like a regular siege battery for the next two hours. In the saloon we met little Hugh Dougherty and Ira Paine, of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels; Gonsalvo Bishop, Willis, and several of the boys belonging to Duprez & Green's party; Johnny Hickey, of Columbus; Charley Fagan, who licked Denny Horrigan; Ed. Cutter, one of the CLIPPER corps of correspondents from Cleveland, and nearly all those who we on to see their Champion beat Ward at Poughkeepsie last august. There was one continual round of introductions, all to use a nautical phrase, they came near shaking hands till out of a.

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

Directly ing Loudon's is the St. Charles Hotel, on Wood street, kept by Harry Shirls, and said to be the best hotel in the city. Think we made for, but it was another hour before the "indefatigable night clerks" could fix up beds for the party, and they only managed to do this by filling both parlors with cots, all the rooms being engaged a day or two previous. We might have got suited better at the Monongahela House, close to the river, only it was so far, and we could have slept on almost anything that night. Hrdly had we composed our weary limbs, before a night policemn came along and bellowed out, almost loud enough to wake the dead, "Half past three o'clock, and all's well!" and kept it up until we wished he was anywhere else but in Pittsburgh. This practice, extending away back to the Feudal ages of Great Britain, is still kept up in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is not very probable that they will give it up now after so long. They contend that the custom answers a double purpose—making the policemen vigilant, and should you chance to be awake when they come around, you can tell what time it is without turning out in your shirtail, on a cold frosty morning, to look. After a few hours' rest, a breakfast we found out that all the Duprez & Green Troupe, twenty-two souls all told, with their zinc trunks, were putting up there, having stayed three days longer than they expected, to see the boat race and add a few more greenbacks to their pile before breaking up for the season.

A DRIVE THROUGH PITTSBURGH AND BIRMINGHAM.

Before relating our experience, methodistically speaking, of the Smoky City, we will devote a few lines to the geography of the place. Pittsburgh is situated in the extreme western part of Pennsylvania, which state was settled by Englishmen in 1682, and admitted into the Union December 12, 1787. Pennsylvania produces more coal, iron, and wheat than any state in the Union, and ranks second in the United States in population and manufactures. Pittsburgh is the capital of Alleghany county, and the population of the city in 1860 was 49,220; at the present day, we should judge that its population numbers at least 60,000 people. It is noted for its manufactures of glass, iron, copper, white lead, and machinery. Birmingham is on the opposite side of the Monongahela river, and although the Pittsburgh folks have been trying for years to have it incorporated with their own city, the Brums persistently oppose such legislation, preferring to go it on their own hook. The Ohio river is formed by the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany, and traverses the western part of Pennsylvania.

Now that we have given our readers an idea of the city as it stands in relation to other cities, we will proceed on our journey. Soon after ten o'clock, the Sheriff was after us with a team of splendid bays from Jackson's stables, and in company with Allchin and Graham, we drove through Fifth street, the Broadway of Pittsburgh, whereon is situate the Custom House, Post Office, Henderson's Theatre, and several very fine mercantile houses, and several other streets of lesser note, crossing the lower bridge over to Birmingham, which is well named in parts of it; it looks for all the world like the great hardware village of Great Britain. The style of houses, with their little plates fastened thereon showing which company they are insured by, all reminded us of our transatlantic visit to the town which sent John Bright to Parliament. There were some things, however, which differed from any European town, the ovens for baking bread, etc., built away from the houses like the huts constructed by the aborigines of America, and the old fashioned wells connected with the houses. As we drove through the town, the people seemed to judge that we were strangers, and the women folks bobbed their heads out of the windows to pay us. The whole place is very democratic looking, and on the whole five mile journey, we didn't meet half a dozen of what you could designate as stylish houses. After getting away from the dust, smoke, and soot, of which concomitants the towns thereabouts are well supplied, we came into pleasant places, surrounded on one side by the calm and placid Monongahela River with its winding curves and sloping mountains, and on the other by the fertile hills, abounding in black diamonds, with railroad tracks running from the extreme height to the "tipples" on the rivers brink: "tipples," we suppose, are so called, from being the location where they tip over the coal into the flat boats. Barring the intense heat, after passing the different toll gates, the ride was a very agreeable one, and after coaching it for about five miles, the training quarters of the Cornwall champion were reached.

JOSH WARD'S TRAINING GROUNDS.

Billy White, the friend who was showing us around, knew the spot well where the New York delegation were putting up, at Monteray, four miles above Brownstown, and about a mile above Glenwood, where Hamill was training on the opposite side of the river. The ranche was a two story frame building situated near the river, with a barn alongside, and a big dog beside the barn. Before alighting, Dick Risdon, "his eye in fine frenzy rolling," advanced towards the vehicle to meet us. At the ranche we learned the Ward faction had been there over a week, having arrived the previous Sunday. The party consisted of Josh and Gil Ward, John Lawrence, Dick Risdon, Billy Doyle, and Mosier, who took possession of and slept in the barn, making their own beds and camping out like miners. The long and tedious ride had interfered with Ward's condition, and for two days he was all out of sorts and home sick, eating scarcely anything at all and getting used up with the least exercise. He rallied soon afterwards though, and with the exception of a disposition to lie on the broad of his back too much, he got along as well as could be expected. We visited him in his sleeping apartment, and though outwardly he looked in tolerably fine condition, there was a dullness about his eyes and a listlessness about his movements which showed plainly that the fire of his youth had taken flight or become incorporated into the physiognomy of his brother Gilbert who is just now in his prime, and ought to be able to pull almost any body in the country. At Ward's headquarters the delegation from Newburgh were waiting for the race with anxious faces and plenty of greenbacks to invest on their pet.

WHERE JIMMY HAMILL TRAINED.

It was a beautiful and sequestered spot, about four miles out of town, called Glenwood, where all the picnics and excursions are held. Jimmy Hamill and his trainers, James Laughlin and Johnny Hamill had their headquarters at the Glen Hotel, where the champion was provided with everything he could desire. There he commenced his work two weeks prior to the race. He weighed 165 lbs., but reduced himself some twenty pounds in about two days, by adopting a course of self-denial and vigorous exercise the same as he had gone through while under the watchful eye of Jemmy Mackey: certainly no man could have worked harder, or have been more ambitious to get in winning condition than Hamill. After having thus visited both men, we drove back to Pittsburgh.

A HITCH ABOUT THE TIME.

When the representatives of the men met a day or two previous, to see at the distance was correctly measured, which was accomplished, first, by Mr. Low, Civil Engineer, and afterwards by Mr. Mowan, the City Surveyor, both of whom pronounced the distance to be exactly five miles, they also tossed for the inside track, Ch Rob. Galloway winning that point for Hamill. The course, as surveyed, was from a stake-boat opposite Hopperman's Tipple, standing two miles and a half down the river to a point facing Mo head's Mills, where the buoy was fixed, around which the men had to turn, and back to the place of starting. It was supposed by those not otherwise posted, that the time of starting had also be agreed upon at the same time, but this, it appears, was not so; for when we met Johnny Hamill in conference with Dick Risdon they parted—one with the determination to start at two o'clock, and the other at four. This unlooked for *four pas* soon spread through the town, and by many it was thought there would be no race at all, or else Hamill, who wished to go at two, would pull over the course alone and claim the money, which he could not have done, as no time was specified in the articles of agreement—an oversight on the part of Hamill's friends, but not so on the Ward side, as they wanted to wait till the day itself came, so as to regulate matters to suit their man as near as possible. This was also evidence of the "diplomacy" the Pittsburghers award to Dick Risdon, who, they insisted, ought to be sent to Europe as an ambassador to argue difficult political and social questions. As Risdon and Hamill parted, the latter remarking, "We'll start at 2," he former, "And we'll start at four," it evidenced as much prspect of a race as of a duel when a Frenchman who had been insulted sent his card to his rival to the effect that he would be home all day to-morrow, which was replied to by the other frog-eater that he would also be at home on the same day, and, although there was no duel, one showed as much grit as the other. Hot Ward and Hamill "split the difference" afterwards will be found recorded in its proper place.

THE TRIP TO GLENWOOD.

Determined to see all that was to be seen, we took passage on one side the river going to the race, and returned on the other side in coming from it. Having been given to understand that a "passenger train" belonging to the Connellsville Railroad, intended starting from near the Monongahela Wharf at one o'clock precisely from the Pittsburgh side of the river, in company with about 2000 people, we invested in a through ticket, but instead of passenger cars we found a cattle train, or worse than that even, for there were no sides, or any protection whatever to prevent the people from being dashed to the ground; as they clambered up and clutched at every part of the cars (?) for grim death. With no place to sit down, packed away like niggers in a slave ship, for a good half hour we were compelled to stand sweltering in the broiling sun, jostled from side to side and subject to such a "squeeze" as we never wish to experience again. Reporters, members of the press, business men, merchants, mechanics, all were caught in the same trap: we are quite satisfied that not one single passenger would have ever patronized this one horse railroad if they had any idea of what they were expected to put up with, and pay for it. What most surprised strangers was the fact that the citizens themselves, with their wives and families, preferred going in such a caravan for they must have known all about the concern. The New-Yorkers and others couldn't help themselves, but it will be a long time before Jimmy Burns, Jake Boome, Tallman, or any of that party go over the same road.

Not satisfied with this packing house business, they never attempted to make a start until every man's fare had been collected, and then after making a dozen futile attempts with their broken-backed locomotive, the four last cars were detached and off went the one horse concern, amid the groans and hollering of those left behind. The whole arrangement was a disgrace and an insult to the citizens of the Smoky City, whose forbearance was astonishing; we are satisfied that had any such trick been played upon a similar crowd of Philadelphians, Baltimoreans, or New-Yorkers, they would have got square somehow. Whether the train came back, or had any idea of doing so we cannot say, for the "excursionists," seeing how they had been bamboozled, made a jump for the road, determined to foot it. Even if the Company did have only one engine and four or five baggage cars, by starting as advertised and making two or three trips, they could have at least fulfilled their contract instead of swindling the people out of their money, which though not missed individually, amounted to considerable in a lump. As the train was on its way to Glenwood literally covered with excursionists to see the race, a party on the top of one of the cars were caught by the wires of the Inland Telegraph, near the copper works, and several of them had their faces more or less injured, whilst quite a number lost their hats. One gentleman, Alex. McKee, Esq., of McKee's Rocks, was thrown off the car, and had his face and head severely cut and bruised. He was conveyed to the Glen Hotel where his wounds were dressed by Dr Rodgers, which, though painful, were not dangerous. About the same time a wagon ran over a little boy, inflicting slight injuries. The driver was so intently interested in the scene on the cars that he did not notice the boy on the road.

As it was getting on for two o'clock, when many expected the start would be made, and the ferry boat had started, nothing was left but to turn pedestrian for the nonce. It was a hefty undertaking though, to foot it four or five miles over a rough, dusty road, with the thermometer over 90 "in the shade," wherever that was, but we had plenty of company, men, women and children, who were bound to see their little champion mechanic pull the long-limbed hotel keeper, if they broke a leg. People outside of Pittsburgh can form no idea of the enthusiasm manifested by the people in this race. All the factories and business places were closed at noon, even to the whiskey shops, and none but old women and children in arms were left to protect the city in case Jeff Davis or his hordes, who brought those hard times, made a raid "over the hills and over the vales, over the hills to Pittsburgh." To resume our journey; after going about half a mile, the lucky possessors of horse-flesh kept scooting past in one continuous train, and it was our good fortune to strike a couple of friends in a buggy for a ride the remainder of the journey, or up to Hamill's training quarters. Jimmy was "not at home," having at the hour stated, two P. M., as the handbills and advertisements announced far and wide, with his boat, appeared at the start ng point, but Ward was not about. He soon afterwards appeared, however, but not to row. He refused positively to start till four o'clock, and the others finding it impossible to change his determination, Hamill had his boat taken from the water, and returned to his quarters to wait for whatever might turn up.

This was a pretty bad fix, although it afterwards turned out all for the best, because, had they started at the above hour, owing to the gross mismanagement of the Connellsville R. R. Co., thousands of people would have been debarred from witnessing the race. At the Glen we met Jem Colbert of New York, and Paddy Williams, one of the cleverest young fellows in Pittsburgh, and an old traveller who had a coach, and insisted on our accompanying them to where Ward was stopping, as they thought that was the best place to get, providing the race came off. A skiff was hauled from the other side, and the party pulled over, and there we staid until the start was effected.

STATE OF BETTING.

During the interim between this and the start, a considerable amount of betting occurred on the result of the race, ranging at $200 to $100, although up to the day itself the Hamill men wouldn't go higher than $100 to $75, and there was some little betting even. In this city it ruled generally at $200 to $100 on Jimmy, albeit we did see $100 to $40 laid several times, and one bet made of $100 to $30. Among the Pittsburghers who were the most conspicuous in backing their champion, we noticed Hugh Sally, Major Joe Brown, Col. Robt. Galloway, John Parsley, Jas. Williams, Johnny Hare, Jerry Gumbart, Geo. Strahan, Tom Reese, Alec. Scott, Joe Bash, Wm Campbell, John Walls, Michael McStein, Henry Minor, Sam Shaw, John Laverty, James Scott (policeman), Geo. Wash. Morton, V. Matthews, Stuart Watson, Rowan McClure, Andy Scott, Jas. Lindsay, John Phillips, Hen. Murphy, G. W. Coffin, Wilson McCanlas, H. W. Beaumont, Jas. Fleming, Alec. Murray, Hen Kane, Alec. Minnick, Ben. Beckwell, Jr., Andy Robinson, Wm. Bennett and Jas. Scott. A great many people took the odds because they couldn't see how between two such skilful oarsmen, who were both supposed to be in the highest state of physical perfection, such a disparity could exist. This state of affairs made some afraid to bet at all, a few being ignorant and prejudiced enough to look upon the race as a "plant," but a dirtier insinuation was never made. While one of Hamill's backers was walking with him through the main street, he remarked to him in a jocular way, "Jimmy, some folks have got it down that this is going to be a sold race." "Have they?" says Jimmy. "Do you see yon Custom House over there? Well, if that was to be mine to-morrow and all that's in it, or ever was in it, I'd never throw a race in my life." This satisfied him. In anticipation of Ward being in such a fix, a deal of money was invested on the time being made in 36:37, or 36:38, while none but an idiot would have risked his money that it wasn't done inside of 40 min., but if there had been such an one he could have made a hat full of greenbacks.

ASSEMBLING OF THE MASSES.

Looking up and down the river's brink, on the road and along the hill-tops, every spot on which a view of the course could be had was black with people, while the river itself fairly swarmed with craft of every description, from the flat-boat, in which the youngster paddled his own canoe, to the handsome four-oared boats belonging to the crack boat clubs, and their still more elegant and attractive barges. The roads, also, contained one immense line of carriages, barouches, buggies, lager beer wagons, and everything in the shape of a wheeled vehicle. The scene was an extremely exciting and picturesque one, and it is rare indeed that an affair of the kind has ever created such an excitement. It only goes to show how much better all kinds of out-door sports, in the shape of trotting matches or running races, would be patronized if the people were granted free admission to the grounds. There couldn't have been less than 30,000 people present, among whom were a goodly number of ladies and children, and outside the Derby Day in England, we never remember seeing such a gathering of pleasure seekers as at this last race between Hamill and Ward at Pittsburgh. The confusion and excitement incident to such a state of affairs may be more easily imagined than described.

HAMILL STARTS TO GO OVER THE COURSE ALONE.

At three o'clock, Hamill entered his boat and rowed out to the stake boat, expecting to find Ward also at the goal. Twenty minutes passed, and the New Yorker being still *non est*, the champion declared he would be trifled with no longer, and started on alone over the course, his nervous, quick, and powerful stroke eliciting the admiration of all. After rowing a short distance, a shout went up that Ward was coming, and the echo reaching the champion, he quickly turned his boat and started once more for the stake boat, where he was soon joined by Ward, his trainer, and other of his friends.

BOTH MEN AT THE STARTING POINT.

As the contestants for the aquatic championship sat in their boats waiting for the word, they were the cynosure of all eyes. Hamill was born in the city of Pittsburgh in 1837, is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and weighed 149 pounds, being four pounds lighter than when he pulled his last race: he looked as fine as a race horse, and never felt better in his life. His boat, a new one, built expressly for the race by James McKay, the famous boat architect, is nearly 30 feet long, of Spanish cedar, is covered fore and aft with oiled silk, and the sculls, although 9½ feet long, only weigh together four pounds, the entire structure weighing but 37 pounds, sitting on the water like a mere fabric, liable to be swamped by the slightest uprising of the billows. It is a singular fact that, although he almost lives on the water, Hamill cannot swim. He wore his usual costume, a red cap, blue shirt, and white drawers. His boat had no name, as he said that he wished it to do something before christening it, which ceremony has no doubt occurred ere this.

Ward was born on the 11th of May, 1838, stands six feet high, and weighed only 156 pounds, we are informed, which is nineteen pounds lighter than when he rowed last fall: "Hope told a flattering tale," and he was said to be in fine trim, but we thought he was down too fine. We failed to perceive the nervous activity, enduring strength and bright eye so necessary to the athlete. This was no fault of John Lawrence's his trainer, for we consider that his constitution is impaired, and nothing evidenced this more than that it took but very little walking or exertion to tire him out. He rowed in his old boat the "Dick Risdon," the dimensions of which are as follows: 29½ ft. long, 5 in. deep, 17 in. wide, and weighs 56 lbs, nineteen pounds heavier than that of Hamill. His costume consisted of a white shirt and drawers, a white handkerchief encircling his head, but both his arms and legs were bare. His appearance looked very ghost like, and by some was looked upon as ominous of defeat.

CHOOSING A REFEREE AND JUDGES.

The difficulty in selecting a referee was not so great as at most contests where that functionary is an all important adjunct to the consummation of a fair and square race. George Brown, Billy White, one or two representatives of the Pittsburgh press, were named and "passed," but all were agreeable that our representative, Ned James, should officiate, and he was accordingly chosen, although as far as Hamill was concerned personally, he was willing to agree on anybody, and even proposed Dick Risdon for referee. The judges were as follows: for Hamill, James Scott, of Pittsburgh; for Ward, Tim Donohue, of Newburgh. Some trifling argument arose as to how they should be started, whether by the word go, or by the crack of a pistol, which was decided in favor of the latter. The judges, members of the press, and other officers were stationed on the steam tug "Tiger," Captain Miller, who, to the neglect of more profitable business, remained in the stream until the race was decided.

THE RACE.

Just before four o'clock the men were eagerly watching for the signal, and as Tim Donohue was getting the pistol ready, Hamill's judge, Jim Scott, shouted, "Look out, Jimmy, he's going to start you!" which put the little fellow on the *qui vive*, and the instant the flash was visible, off they went as even as a die, amid shouts of "They're off! They're off!" and the cheers of the assembled thousands. For the first two hundred yards or so, Hamill's short stroke was made quicker than ever we saw him do it before, going at a regular break neck gait until he had got a foot or two ahead of Josh, when he seemed perfectly satisfied that he had him, and gradually, though surely, shot away from he of the long-back stroke, until by the time they had reached the buoy, Hamill was at least 150 yards ahead. Here he made one of his prettiest turns, and gained so much time while Ward was "going round the horn," that he relaxed his efforts, resting on his oars until he found Joshua getting in a straight line, following in his track, when he renewed his efforts, and for the remainder of the distance Ward was a mere plaything in his hands, as he rowed leisurely towards the stakeboat, keeping about the same gap between them as when he made the buoy, and leading him just nine seconds, making the five miles in 40:48. No time was taken at the buoy, so that all bets in relation to the time made in the first two miles and a half, are off. As they came down the home stretch, the cheering for Hamill was of the most enthusiastic description, while Ward also met with similar signs of encouragement but he shook his head, as much as to say he was lost beyond all hope, completely pumped out, or in vulgar parlance, "a gone goose." When the time was announced Hamill, who looked about as fresh as when he commenced, paddled about for a few minutes, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and then headed his boat down the river for the Glenwood shore, surrounded by a mass of his admirers, who tried to lift him out of his boat and carry him in triumph on their shoulders, but his modesty couldn't stand that, and he made the best of his way to the hotel, where, when he had reached his room, he reappeared at one of the windows with a glass of lager, out of which he drank their healths and put them in fine spirits. When Ward reached the judges boat, some nine seconds in the rear, he looked much distressed, and his whole aspect was that of a defeated and disappointed man. He never stopped at all, but rowed right on up to his training quarters, without giving the Champion the opportunity he desired of extending to him the courtesies incident to such occasions. During the race Hamill was accompanied by the four-oared boat "Twilight," of Pittsburgh, with the following crew: Joe Bash, Bangus, Campbell, and White. The Undine Club very kindly supplied Ward with the four-oared boat "Emblem" for a companion du voyage, manned by J. Jackson, D. Lewis, Gil Ward, and another. The "Avalanche," a splendid sixteen-oared barge belonging to the Undine Club, was stationed at the buoy. The same club also own the "Undine," eight oars, "Albatross," eight oars, and "S. Roberts," four oars, and several others.

HAMILL'S FUTURE INTENTIONS.

Immediately after the race we heard a New York sporting man offer to give Hamill $5000 if he would accompany him to England this fall and pull either Chambers or Cooper, but no definite answer was given. We should judge though that the Pittsburgh hero will not rest satisfied until he has conquered the world. He is perfectly willing to give Chambers almost any amount to come here, and row, but we anticipate nothing of the kind on the part of the Champion of the Thames.

WARD SELLS HIS BOAT.

Immediately after the race, Col. Robert Galloway, of Pittsburgh, made Ward an offer of $75 for his boat, the "Dick Risdon," which Joshua accepted, and left behind him. We do not know whether the Colonel intends it to retain the same name, but we hope it may have better luck in the future.

WHY THE TIME WASN'T BETTER.

Those who bet on 36:20 and 36:30 and lost their pile have declared that the stake-boat was clandestinely removed from the point at which it was originally placed, so that the course was over five miles, but we are assured on good authority that there is no truth in the report. Hamill himself states that the course was an exact five miles. The reason why the time was so slow lies in the fact that the water, in boating *parlance*, was "dead," together with the fact that the Champion eased himself considerably in the last mile of the race. We are assured, however, that had Ward pressed him over so closely he could not have done the five miles in less than 39:36. This ought to satisfy those who lost their money on time that there was no fraud, the course being precisely five miles as represented.

RETURNING FROM THE RACE.

If we experienced trouble in getting there, the return to the city was worse and worse. The road was completely blocked with vehicles, and any quantity of break downs occurred: the scene will not soon be forgotten by those who had to make the journey. Immense clouds of dust filled the air, rendering it impossible to see twenty feet ahead, and collisions were the order of the day, causing timid females to shriek in terror, and excited drivers to give vent to their rage in language more emphatic than polite. The head of the procession, if such a helter-skelter column could be so termed, had reached the city before the last of the carriages had started. On the other side, the rush was equally great, while the boats running on the river were black with people, and thousands got home on foot as best they could. We were fortunate enough to meet Uncle Ben Trimble, of the Pittsburgh Varieties, who had driven out in a band wagon with a chorus team. Uncle Ben, who is known as well as the town clock, is a genial old fellow, full of fun and a regular sport. Our fellow travellers were Johnny Loudon, of Sportaman's Hall; Hugh Dougherty and Ira Paine, of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels; Fred Hass, one of the best Teutons we ever met; Johnny Hickey, the pugilist; Harry Stebbins, the ten-pin player; and six others, including Uncle Ben himself, who was the Jehu for the occasion, and right cleverly did he steer his team through the maze. The roadsiders called our party "The Loudon Troupe of Performing Bears."

ENTHUSIASM AFTER THE RACE.

All the different saloons were overflowing with delighted and half crazy people, who danced and sung, and cut up such antics before high heaven as would cause angels to laugh instead of weep, as the quotation reads. In the Bowery Saloon, next to the Pittsburgh Theatre, kept by James Williams, who was Hamill's principal backer and his unremitting friend, the flush of victory was very great, while the worthy host, literally speaking, "danced for joy." We visited nearly all the sporting houses, including Johnny Loudon's, where Josh Ward and John Lawrence were taking their lemonade and putting on the best face possible under the circumstances; Felix Laverty, the horse jockey and owner of the trotting horse "Soft Soap," where we met Jimmy Hamill, Jem Colbert, and a house full of people; Paddy Williams' St. Clair Exchange, another great resort for the fancy; and so many other places that our memory fails us to call over even the names of the proprietors—suffice it to say, we didn't go home till morning, determined to see as much of the fun as possible to make up for the 900 miles of travel. Ward and his party went back by the first train that night, while our reporter remained until the following evening to witness the great horse race between Soft Soap, American Star, and Dickey.

OFFERING UP THANKS.

Dick Risdon, Josh Ward, John Lawrence, Gill Ward, and the whole New York delegation, have desired us to return their most hearty thanks to all with whom they came in contact in Pittsburgh and vicinity, for their unremitting kindness and attention to them during their stay. Our reporter has also to follow suit, adding that he will ever feel grateful for the politeness and courtesy vouchsafed him by the members of the press—Captain Evans, the Aquatic Oracle of the Smoky City, was also very attentive, and gave us the benefit of his long experience in the boating world out West. In fact all behaved like gentlemen, and if the New York man has lost, neither he or his friends can ever complain of the treatment received during their stay in Pittsburgh.

LETTER FROM HAMILL TO KEHOE.

THE following letter has been received by Mr. S. D. Kehoe, the Indian club manufacturer:

PITTSBURGH, July 22, 1864.

FRIEND KEHOE: I have the pleasure to inform you that "our arms are once more successful," to use a military phrase, and I am again victorious. Many inquire how it is possible for me to get in such good muscular condition at so short a notice, and in answering them I have to acknowledge that a constant practice with the Indian clubs, in addition to plenty of rowing exercise, will keep any man in vigorous health at all times. The last sett of clubs you were kind enough to send me were duly received, and I shall take pleasure in recommending them to all my friends and the citizens of Pittsburgh generally.

Your friend and well wisher,
JAMES HAMILL,
Champion Sculler of America.

THAT FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE.

TWILIGHT OF PITTSBURGH VS. BROWN OF NEW YORK.

In the two or three preceding issues of the CLIPPER, correspondence has appeared from Joe Bash and Dennis Leary, for and in behalf of their respective crews, in regard to a match which they mutually agreed should take place at Pittsburgh on July 28th, the Brown crew to receive $200 for their expenses to go there and row for $1000 a side. The Pittsburgh men, on being notified of Leary's acceptance, promptly sent on articles of agreement and their $1200, and we supposed the match was as good as made. The representative of the New Yorkers told us that they would not fail to come to time, and that Brown had gone on to Pittsburgh to see the Ward and Hamill race, and would there arrange for a postponement of one week on account of the lame hand of one of their crew, and the one or two little differences that appeared in the articles of agreement drawn up and sent to us by Bash; and that then they would "come right down, and put up their half the money." Instead of having gone to Pittsburgh with any such intentions, we are credibly informed that Brown repudiated the match altogether, and as neither Leary nor any other one of the Brown crew has called upon us, and we have not seen the color of their money, we presume they do not intend fulfilling their part of the contract. If they do not, after the trouble they have put the Pittsburgh men to in correspondence and forwarding money, etc., to say nothing of our waste of time and space, all we can say is that they are not true sportsmen, and are not worthy of recognition in the circles of honorable sporting men. It has been told us that Mr. Brown said, in substance, when in Pittsburgh, that the whole affair was a concoction of our own, so far as "his crew" was concerned, and that we had no authority to publish communications from them, the Brown crew. If Mr. Brown did say so, he uttered a falsehood of the most mammoth dimensions; for in the first place two of the crew, Dennis Leary and —— Biglin, the latter with a lame hand, called upon us, and informed us of their desire to make the match. In the next place, there is their card, signed by the whole crew. Do you, Mr. Brown, charge us with forgery in regard to that? Come, sir, you have got an overwhelming pile of evidence to clear away before you can prove your words, if indeed they are correctly reported to us, and we should like you to show your hand. The Pittsburghers, as may naturally be supposed, are very indignant at the shabby treatment they have received, and the *Commercial* of that city says in its issue of July 2 th:

"It is stated that the four-cared race between the New York and Pittsburgh crews, set down for the 28th, has been indefinitely postponed, because, forsooth, Mr. Brown, the owner of the boat, which bears his name, and in which he alleges the New York crew were to row, had not been consulted, and, therefore, he would not let his boat come out West. Mr. Brown may own the boat, and, for aught we know to the contrary, control the crew also, though we shall fain hope not, and that the New York boys will be able to find another boat as good as the 'Brown,' and the match come off as per agreement. This Mr. Brown 'went his pile' on Ward yesterday, and it may be that he has had enough of Pittsburgh oarsmen, and has no desire to back his namesake, or any other boat, against the 'Twilight.' 'It will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown.' But, as before stated, we had been led to believe that the New York oarsmen were to pull in a new English-built boat, modelled by Jewett, of London, said to be one of the swiftest crafts that ever parted water. If such is the case, what has Mr. Brown's boat to do with the race?"

The affair as it stands, looks like a miserable back out on the part of the Brown crew, and we give them fair warning that hereafter they must make known their intentions through some other channel than the CLIPPER, unless their money is up, for we have no idea of being made the mouthpiece of those whose word is not to be taken.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—The commodore of the Yale Navy informs our correspondent Monteville, that the Yale crews are in the best possible condition, and there is a confidence that is highly gratifying to him. They went to Worcester on Thursday the 21st inst., and will take up their quarters at a farm-house near the Lake. The Harvards are quartered at the "Water Cure," two miles from the Lake, which distance they make use of in improving their "wind." The Harvard Freshmen have withdrawn, consequently the Yale Freshmen will merely pull over the course on the 29th. The day following (Saturday, July 30th), the City give their usual regatta, and have offered the following liberal prizes:

For single-scull wherries, distance two miles, $75 and $25. For four-oared boats, three miles, $100 and $50. For six-oared boats, $150, $75, and a third prize of $50. The third prize in the last race is offered to stimulate those crews who, as the race proceeds, see the first and second prizes eluding their grasp. It is believed that its effect will be to add much to the interest and excitement of the race.

The above should bring out some of the "crack crews," and possibly you may have to record better time than 18:37, which still stands at the head.

UNKNOWN VS. UNA.—The Hartford 4th of July boat-race still remains undecided. I understand, says Montville, the matter has finally taken this shape: That the "Unknown" will challenge the "Una" for the "champion flag," the winner of the race to take the prize offered on the Fourth; also the "flag." Both boats are trying their best to get a good crew, and, without doubt, the next race will be quite as exciting as the other. The "Unknown" will pull without a coxswain, thereby gaining some advantage—accordingly, better time may be expected—but they will have to shorten the course here before they can mark the time low down, as it is one of the longest, if not the longest, three-mile courses you can find. This is the remark of all strangers who have examined it.

A YACHT RACE for $1,000, $500 a side, is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 27th inst. (the start to take place at 10 A. M.), between the yachts Restless, 20 tuns, owned by ex-Commodore Jones, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and the Annie Laurie, 30 tuns, owned by Mr. McMonies. The course is to be from off the Brooklyn Yacht Club House at Penny Bridge, through Long Island Sound, around Long Island, and return to the starting point. The distance is long enough, certainly, to test the sailing qualities of the contesting yachts, which, with the amount sailed for, fully warrants the great interest taken in the affair in aquatic circles.

BILL STEPHENS AND GIL WARD MATCHED FOR $1000.—Colonel Charles Brown, of Cornwall, and Rodmon Dobbs, of Poughkeepsie, made a match at Pittsburgh, right after the Hamill and Ward race, for Gil Ward and Bill Stevens to row a five-mile race at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 25th of August. The Commodore put up for Gil, and Rodman for Bill, $100 a side. The remaining $400 a side has to be made good on the 20th of August, or the man neglecting so to do to pay forfeit.

NEW FOUR-OARED BOAT FOR BOSTON.—Mr. Stephen Roberts has just completed a new four-oared race-boat for the McClellan crew of Boston. She is to be called the "George B. McClellan," and will make her first appearance in the regatta to take place at Worcester, Mass., on the 30th inst. Mr. Taylor, of Boston, arrived here a few days since, and will leave with the boat on Tuesday evening, July 26th.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JULY 26.—Empire vs. Gotham, at Hoboken, at 3, P. M.
27.—Eagle vs. Active, at Hoboken.
27.—Grand Junior Prize Game, on the Union ground, Williamsburgh.
27.—Empire vs. Mutual, second nines, at 2½, P.M., Hobk'n.
28.—Resolute, of Brooklyn, vs. Athletic, of Philadelphia, on the Olympic Ball ground, on 25th and Jefferson sts., at 3 P. M.
29.—Resolute vs. Camden, on Camden ground, at 9 A. M.
29—Resolute vs. Keystone, on the grounds of the latter, at 3 P. M.
30.—Resolute vs. Olympic, on the Olympic ground, at 3 P. M.
30.—Atlantic vs. Star, on the Star grounds, South Brooklyn, at 2½, P. M. Fly game.
AUGUST 2.—Eureka vs. Mutual, at Newark, at 3 P. M.
2.—Empire vs. Enterprise, at Bedford.
4.—Oriental vs. Montauk, on the ground of the former, at Hoboken. Game called at 2½, P. M.
5.—Empire vs. Gotham, second nines.
8.—Atlantic vs. Athletic, on the Olympic ground, Philadelphia, at 2 P. M.
9.—Atlantic vs. Olympic.
10.—Atlantic vs. Keystone.
11.—Star vs Mutual, at Hoboken.
——Mutual vs. Excelsior, fly game.
——Atlantic vs. Eureka.
SEPT. ——Eureka vs. Active, return game, at Hoboken.

THE JUNIOR CLUBS.

We have received a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the New York Junior National Association, which we are pleased to learn is now permanently established. We hope to see the junior clubs flourish, for on them mainly depends the permanency of base ball. From the printed book of the Association we obtain the following list of Secretaries, and their addresses:—

Putnam—W. Miller, 95 Avenue D, New York.
Mystic—J. H. Munday, Box 3030, P. O., New York.
Irving—A. Martin, 143 West 40th street, New York.
Quickstep—S. A. Murray, Box 123, P. O., Paterson, N. J.
Empire—R. Curran, Paterson, N. J.
Montauk—J. Sullivan, 124 St. Mark's Place, New York.
America—J. Colter, 118 Ludlow street, New York.
Star—C. Watkiss, Bloomfield, N. J.
Irvington—R. H. Crawford, Irvington, N. J.
Unknown—T. Donovan, Composing Room, Bible House, N. Y.
Oriental—Isaac Smith, 143 Hammond street, New York.
Active—J. D. Marsh, 372 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

The following are the officers of the National Association of Junior Base Ball Players for 1864:—

President—J. Clark, Putnam Club, New York.
Vice President—J. H. Munday, Mystic Club, New York.
Secretary—J. H. Westervelt, Quickstep Club, Paterson, N. J.
Treasurer—M. Engle, Putnam Club, New York.
STANDING COMMITTEES.—*Rules and Regulations*—J. H. Munday, J. H. Blauvelt, —— Perrin, Isaac Smith, J. Sullivan. *Nominations*—T. Stevens, C. Smith, J. Cotter. *Printing*—M. Engle, J. H. Munday, J. Clark. *Judiciary*—C. Smith, R. H. Crawford, T. Donovan.

The playing rules of the Association are the same as those of the senior organizations.

The following is the list of players named to take part in the Grand Junior Prize Game, which is to take place on the Union Ball Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on Wednesday, July 27th, at 2:30

NELLIE RAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

May I ask you to listen
Unto this sadden'd lay—
While I sing to you the story
Of myself and Nellie Ray?

'Twas when the twilight deepen'd
Into rays of burnish'd gold,
When the tall trees by the wayside,
Like grim sentinels of old—

With their branches towering upward,
Through the far uncertain light—
Told me that the day was passing,
And the coming on of night.

I was thinking of the future,
Of the far, eternal past,
Of the joys my life had tasted,
Gone, alas! too fair to last.

Suddenly, I saw a vision,
Like some spirit of the air,
Sitting idly by the wayside,
Looking wondrous bright and fair.

Ruby lips, and hair bright golden,
Eyes that shone like summer star;
Voice that came to me in gladness,
Like soft music from afar.

How by me the spell was broken,
To this day I scarce can tell—
How to me her love she plighted
On that evening in the dell.

But I know the world looked brighter,
And the clear stars, one by one,
Seemed to rival in their beauty
Noonday's fair and glorious sun.

For awhile all things went happy;
But the darkness came too soon,
And I now sit pensive, pining,
Sad and lonely in my room.

On a bed of pain and anguish
Lay the form I loved so well—
Angels called her and she's sleeping
Over yonder in the dell.

And at night I often wander
Over where a grassy mound
Marks the spot where lies my darling—
Lost to me 'ere scarcely found.

But I know I soon shall join her
On that everlasting day,
And the vows I here did utter,
There I'll plight to Nellie Ray.

LEARNING TO BOX.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

I have a friend, Mr. Jaques Dubossett, who is a great admirer of everything *American*. He came to this country in a hurry, having offended his own government in France by being too much of a *red republican* there, favoring Mazzini more than Napoleon the Third, in his progressive heart. He of course takes an interest in all American triumphs, and feels deeply all American misfortunes. Imbued as he naturally is with a bitter hatred against everything English, it may well be supposed that he was very deeply interested in the late pugilistic contest between Heenan and King, betting heavily upon the American favorite. When the news of Heenan's defeat came, and with it a knowledge that he had lost some hundreds of dollars, Monsieur Dubossett was very much put out. He came to me in his troubles, as he generally does when anything goes wrong with him.

"My frent, what ze devile does zis mean?" he cried, as he entered my room. "I did sink zat Shack Heenan could wheep ze world, and zat ze John Bull man would be like nossing to him. Now, *sacre—he* is wheep, and I am lose more as seven hundred dollare! Mil tonnere, what does it mean, eh?"

"Why, that King was the best man, I suppose!" said I.

"Ze best man? A John Bull man better zan an *American?* No, sare—*no sare;* zat cannot be! I no understand what Shack Heenan 'ave been do wiz himself. I sink perhaps like ze Sampson zat I 'ave read of in ze Bibel, he 'ave meet one John Bull *Delilie* woman to make fool of heem, and take away wiz his strong, so as to get heem wheep; I cannot see no ozzare way. And now I [illegible] zey laugh at me beside. I am mad very mooch, my frent Plute, and I wish for to learn to box myself, and zen if zey laugh at me more, I give zem somesing for to lauga for! S'pose you learn me how to box, frent Plute?"

I pleaded that I had not time, but recommended him to the professional care of a particular friend, a professor of the manly art. Monsieur Dubossett took the address down in his note-book and went away. About ten days after, I was astonished at meeting him in the street, his face all covered with plasters, and a huge pair of green spectacles over his eyes. I should not have known him had he not hailed me in his well-known voice and accent.

"What on earth is the matter of you, friend Dubossett?" I asked, when I recognized him.

"Ah! sare," he answered, with a sigh and an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, "I 'ave learn to box, and you observe ze consequence."

"Come into my place and explain to me," said I to him.

Jacques came in, and, after taking a light "smile," related his story thuswise:

"I go to your friend, ze boxer," he said, "and I ask him to learn me to box. He was very polite, and he take me in his room and put upon me ze big glove, and learn me ze position, and ze one, two, tree, and ze parry, and ze lower cut, and ze upper cut, and all ze ozzare cuts. One, two, tree, severale lesson he give to me, and he say I was very good. I improof very fast, and all I want is plenty of ze practiss, and I should be so good as nobody as evare was! And I practiss wiz everybody zat would practiss wiz me. I knock down ze man zat black my boots, I practiss wiz my tailor zat bring his bill, I wheep my barbare, all for practiss. Ah, I sink zat, by and by, I will go to England and wheep ze man zat wheep Shack Heenan. Last Sonday I go ovare to Hoboke to enjoy ze fresh air in ze Field Elysiane. Zere I meet one very ladee, who say she admire French gentilhommes very mooch. And for zat I admire ze ladee very mooch. And zen a yoong man coom along and call her one very wrong name. I tell heem if he shall not apologize directly, I shall learn heem to box. And zen he call me very wrong name also. Zen I try to box wiz him, and, *mon Dieu*, you observe ze consequence! He make black my eyes, he make bleed my nose, and leave my face all ovare like one bif stak which 'ave not been cook. And, more zan all, he carry off ze ladee, who call him a nice fellow because he 'ave learn to box bettare zan me. I was very mooch mortify, but I was glad he was not one John Bull. He was one American man, from ze Boweree, so he tell me!"

And that was all the consolation poor Dubossett had for his last lesson in boxing.

AN "OPIUM HELL" IN JAVA.

What spirituous liquors are for the European, opium is in Java for the Mohammedan and Chinaman. A European of the lower classes may sit in his tap-room and debase himself by his sottishness, but he does it with an uproarious merriment which would make one think he was really happy, spite of the headaches and delirium tremens he may know are in store for him; but in an opium hell, all is as still as the grave. A murky lamp spreads a flickering light through the low-roofed, suffocating room, in which are placed bale-bales, or rough wooden tables, covered with coarse matting, and divided into compartments by means of bamboo reed wainscoting. The opium smokers, men and women, lost to every sense of modesty, throw themselves languidly on the matting, and, their heads supported by a greasy cushion, prepare to indulge in their darling vice.

A small burning lamp is placed upon the table, so as to be easily reached by all the degraded wretches who seek forgetfulness or elysium in the fumes of opium. A pipe of bamboo reed, with a bowl at one end to contain the opium, is generally made to do service to two smokers. A piece of opium about the size of a pea, costs sixpence (a day's wages); but it is sufficient by its fumes, to lull the sense of the smoker. These fumes they inhale deliberately, retaining them in the mouth as long as they can, and then allowing them gradually to exhale through the nostrils. After two or three inhalations, however, the opium is consumed, and the pipe falls from the hands of its victim. At first, the smokers talk to each other in a whisper, scarcely audible, but they soon become still as the dead.

Their dull, sunken eyes gradually become light and sparkling, their hollow cheeks seem to assume a healthy roundness; a gleam of satisfaction—nay, of ecstacy—lightens up their countenances as they revel in imagination in those sensual delights which are to constitute their Mohammedan Paradise. Enervated, languid, emaciated as they are, in fact, they seem and feel for the time regenerated; and though they lie there the shameless and impassive slaves of sensuality and lust, their senses are steeped in bliss. Aroused, however, from their dreams and delusions, the potency of the charm exhausted—driven from their hell by its proprietor—see them next morning, walking with faltering steps, eyes as dull as lead, cheeks hollow as coffins, to their work.

ON A BENDER.—Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, says: "Some of our military officers, if they have occasion for wooden legs, will, we presume, get curved ones. They do so like to go on benders."

THE ACTOR'S GENEROSITY.

In the following anecdote are associated the names of *four men of mark*, two of which number have long since departed, but the other two are with us, *all alive, oh!* The names of the departed two are Edmund Kean (the Great), and the facetious Robert William Elliston. The other duet pair of the interesting quartet, is the celebrated John Baldwin Buckstone, and the renowned artist, Sydney Cooper. The event runs thus:—

The first plunge of Buckstone and Cooper into dramatic life was taken at the fashionable seaside watering town of Hastings. J. B. Buckstone being engaged for utility business (that means play anything), and Sydney Cooper as scenic artist, the season commenced and progressed with varied success—sometimes good, but more frequently very bad. At last their hopes were obliterated by the arrival in town of Wombwell's Menagerie, and the natives (being at that time uneducated) displayed their taste by patronising the show and deserting the playhouse. The consequence was, the uncertainty of the theatrical treasury (or pay office) being opened on Saturday; and when the "ghost" (money) did occasionally appear, it was a mere shadow of its former self; but the scenic artist, who was ever a prudent boy, had accumulated savings to the amount of five pounds, as a reserve fund for a rainy day. The flimsy (or note) he always, for safety, kept deposited within the cases of a huge old-fashioned silver watch; and thus, as he performed the operation of winding up the instrument of time, he nightly felt assured his treasure was all right; but we sleeping mortals little dream of the disasters the morrow may bring with it. So with our clever artist; for, on awaking in the morning, he rose from his troubled couch, and advancing to the imagined secure depository, he, to his horror, discovered that the loved time remembrancer and its contents had evaporated, and could not afterwards be seen or heard of. What a misfortune in such an hour of distress! However, from evil often ariseth good. And so in this case, the particulars of which you shall know anon.

The distressed manager assembled the company to a parley on the state of affairs, and it resulted in the selection of a celebrated drama, that he (the manager) hoped would retrieve the decaying fortunes of the establishment. In that drama the utility boy (John Buckstone) had assigned to him a most important part, to perfect himself in which he used to wander away to the neighboring Downs, for quiet and seclusion, when one day he was greatly annoyed by a gentleman hovering around him, and taking a curious peep at the book he had in hand. At length the intruder broke silence by saying, "My young friend, you appear greatly enwrapt with the book you have before you. I hope you will not consider me intrusive by inquiring the subject of your attention."

The young utility boy handed the book to the inquiring stranger, who, on looking at the title page, discovered it to be a celebrated melo-drama playing with great success at the Surrey Theatre.

"Oh, oh!" said the stranger; "I see you have a great taste for dramatic literature."

The utility boy informed the stranger that he was a member of the company now performing at Hastings.

The gentleman said that he had a great taste for dramatic works, particularly Shakespeare's tragedies.

"Ah," said the rustic actor, "William Shakespeare is not a gentleman of my acquaintance yet, but I hope in time to be on speaking terms with him."

"Very good," said the stranger. "Pray, may I inquire what sort of trade you are doing at the theatre?"

The utility boy was very communicative, revealing all the disasters of little or no salaries, and the success of the opposition show. He also informed the stranger that the benefit season was about beginning, and that was the only hope they had of getting enough to wipe off the *chalks*, and leave the town with honor.

The gentleman said he should very much like to see over the theatre, and if it would not disturb his study, would he (the boy) do him the pleasure of walking to town with him, and show him over the establishment. The local actor readily consented, imagining that he had secured a victim to patronise him on his approaching benefit night. The gent's person was decorated by a blue coat with brass buttons, tight pants, and Hessian boots, with corresponding tassels.

Well, after viewing the establishment, the stranger was about taking leave of his rustic acquaintance, when a post-chaise drove hastily up to the door. Out jumped a gentleman, who was none other than Robert William Elliston, the then manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; and he (Robert William), taking the unknown by the hand, said: "My dear Kean, you must return to town with me to-morrow. Since your absence, the business has been ruinous; therefore I must announce you as Richard the Third for Monday."

"Oh, no," said Edmund; "I never [illegible] new as the tragedy."

"Never mind the new part; we can put that off," said Robert William.

"Well," said the great tragedian, "I will make a compact with you, and that is, if you will remain here, and perform with me, for the benefit of these, our unfortunate brethren, on the morrow night, I will depart with you on the following morning."

The terms were joyfully accepted. The morrow came. The pieces were "The Merchant of Venice"—Shylock by the Roscius of the world; concluding with the farce of the "Liar"—Wildrake by the renowned R. W. Elliston. House crammed to suffocation; and it resulted in money enough being taken to pay all back salaries, not forgetting the lost watch and contents; also cash enough to take them with comfort to the next town, which was Dover. Now, there was a pattern of goodness for our swell tragedians to emulate.

REMINISCENCES OF PAGANINI.

Nicolo dearly loved the faithful little Gianetta; the first tones of his violin drew her to his side, and it was not until the last one had died away, that she awoke from the sweet lethargy, the wondrous intoxicating dreams, into which they had lulled her. Often, when Nicolo sat imagining the fulfillment of his ambitious hopes, he would mechanically touch the string of his violin; then little Silver Cross would softly approach, and the boy would feel her touch like a hasty kiss. He would close his eyes and forget his solitude—forget that no one loved him. His father was a stern master; his gentle mother was dead; the boys of his own age avoided him; only the little Gianetta played with him and kissed him, and Nicolo's heart was divided between the beloved girl, and his strange window friend. Gianetta, however, could not endure spiders; she would say, timorously:—"They are witches!" The spider seemed to feel Gianetta's dislike, and never came in when the child was there; but if Nicolo drew near to the window with his violin, and gave a stolen look without, he would always perceive the mute listener hanging motionless upon a vine leaf. Gianetta would sit in a corner of his room, breathlessly listening for hours to his wondrous playing; but when his arm sank exhausted, and the tones died away, then she would entreat Nicolo to talk to her. Not only did he relate to the listening child wild fairy tales which made her shudder, but all the dreams of his own burning heart, all the plans of his high aspiring soul, were confided to the silent, faithful bosom of the charming girl; and she would press his feverishly hot hand and gaze at him with eyes filled with sympathy. When he told her of the famous German Master Mozart—how he had written grand concertos when only six years old, and how he shone as a star in the heaven of music—his cheeks would burn, he would tremble with excitement, and scalding tears of indignation would stream from his eyes. "See, Gianetta," he would say, with a bitter smile, "what a wretched bungler I am beside him!" And the girl had not the power to console him.

One day Nicolo was obliged to play the most monotonous exercises under his father's supervision, whilst suffering the bitterest inward torments. His hands were weak, his brow glowed; all the strength, all the life of his body seemed to have passed into his eyes; they shone wonderfully. All at once he heard the voice of Gianetta's mother; she called him by name, anxiously and hastily. Nicolo hurried to her. Gianetta had been suddenly taken ill; a burning fever had seized her. He entered. She looked long and earnestly at her dearest playmate, her friend; he understood her glance, and brought his violin. Grief stormed and raged within his heart. "Gianetta, a sleeping song for you!" he exclaimed, wildly. She smiled. Then the charmed violin sang the most enrapturing, the strangest and sweetest of all sleeping songs. As he ended, Gianetta raised herself from her couch and called Nicolo; he threw himself into her arms. "Thanks, my dearest," she whispered softly; "Nicolo, I shall slumber sweetly! You, however, will not rest; you will beam upon earth, a clear star, surpassing everything else in brightness. Travel far, far away from here! Think of me and my words!" The beautiful child inclined her head and died.

Nicolo remained by the beloved corpse the night through; the following day he ran about half frenzied. When he returned to his home, his dark, quiet room filled him with terror; from his window he could look directly into Gianetta's little chamber. The child lay upon the bier, adorned with flowers—almost buried in them—surrounded by lighted torches, and looking lovely as an angel. A monk knelt by the side of the coffin, and prayed for the pure young soul that had forsaken its beautiful tenant so soon. "Farewell, thou lovely one," softly said the mourning boy, as the hot tears rolled over his pale cheeks; "I am going far away, as far—ah, as far as I can! For what is there to retain me—me, the lonely, unloved one?" And he fell upon his knees and sobbed convulsively.

At that moment he felt a gentle, singular touch upon his hand; he started: little Silver Cross crept towards him. "It is you, mute—alas, now solitary—companion of my life!" cried Nicolo. A ray of joy glided over his countenance, as he thoughtfully contemplated the faithful creature. At last he started up, and exclaimed, pressing his violin passionately to his breast: "One more parting greeting to Gianetta, then out in the world with you, mighty, heavenly beloved of my heart!" Then the chords sang more wondrously, more mysteriously than ever; tones that were exquisitely beautiful, although tremulous with sorrow, floated over to the slumbering Gianetta; the dead one seemed to smile; the lovely flowers quivered; the flame of the torches trembled; the praying monk let his folded hands sink, whilst magical, strange dreams passed over him.

When the morning sun looked into the tiny room with his fiery eyes, he found a half-fainting boy lying on the ground, with his violin in his arms; on the strings of the violin hung, firmly clinging, little Silver Cross, who was dead.

I wonder if the prediction of the lovely Gianetta was fulfilled? The boy's name was *Nicolo Paganini*. Have you ever heard of him?

BLACKLEGS.

The derivation of the slang term *blackleg* applied to a rogue at a race, or a cheat at cards, is not very clear. Captain Grosse, the antiquary, in his curious work, "The Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," suggests that gamblers or sharpers on the turf, or in the cock pit, are probably called *blacklegs* "from their appearing generally in boots, or else from game-cocks, whose legs are always black.

The latter appears to be a rather far fetched and not very satisfactory explanation. But bearing upon and in favor of the former view of the case, a story may be found in the Autobiography of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatic author, published in 1827. Reynolds was born in 1764, and when quite a lad lived with his parents in the Adelphi, Garrick being the opposite neighbor and intimate acquaintance of the family. Reynolds relates that, walking with his father one wet day in the most miry part of the city, they were overtaken by Garrick. The father and son were white stockings, but the player, better equipped for the weather, was booted to the knees. Pointing to their mire-sprinkled stockings, Garrick asked if his friends had ever heard the story of Lord Chancellor Northington and the blackleg? and then proceeded to tell them how one wet day the chancellor, plainly dressed, was walking up Parliament street, when he picked up a handsome ring, which was almost immediately claimed by a passer-by, bearing the appearance of a country gentleman, who expressed the greatest joy at the recovery of his lost treasure, and insisted that there should be an immediate adjournment to an adjoining coffee house, in order that a bottle might be cracked at his expense in celebration of the happy event, and in recognition of the finder's kindness in at once restoring the ring.

Lord Northington, in the humor for an adventure, followed his new friend to the coffee house, and over the promised bottle was soon busily occupied discussing the topics of the day. Presently some other gentleman—who dropped in apparently by the merest chance—joined the party. The bottle circulated, and great friendliness and good fellowship appeared to prevail. In the course of half an hour, a game of hazard was boldly proposed, and while the chancellor was meditating upon his reply, he overheard one of his companions whisper to the other—"Damn the loaded dice; he's not worth the trouble; *pick the old flat's pocket at once!*"

His lordship had fallen among decided *blacklegs*. Of course the whole affair had been pre-arranged, the "ring dropping" being at that time a favorite method among sharpers, by reason of its presumed naturalness, of obtaining an introduction to any one who bade fair to become a prey to their confederacy. Lord Northington now plainly avowed himself, while at the same time he told his astounded companions that if they would inform him what could have induced them to suppose that he was a man likely to fall into the trap they had laid for him, he would overlook their misconduct, and take no further proceedings in the matter. Upon this, one of the sharpers said frankly:—

"We beg your lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in *white stockings* on a dirty day, we consider him likely to prove a capital pigeon, and we pluck his feathers accordingly, as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's to-day."

"And now, my story is ended," said Garrick, bowing to his friends, the Reynolds, "I leave you, gentlemen, to deduce its application, and I wish you both a very good morning."

Certainly, there may be held to be in this case the sort of connection which is understood to exist between extremes. "White stockings" being accepted as indicative of the innocent pigeon, "blacklegs" may be looked upon as the natural antithesis, and be fairly understood, at any rate, until some happier explanation of the term is forthcoming, to represent the villainous roek.

THE BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.—Exercise is health-producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, dead, and excrete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the pores of the skin, in the shape of perspiration, which all have, and which all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health. Thus it is that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are always either feverish or chilly, and are never well and never can be as long as that condition exists. So exercise, by working out of the system its waste, decayed and useless matter, keeps the human machine "free"—otherwise it would soon clog up and the wheels of life would stop forever. Exercise improves the health, since every step a man takes tends to impart motion to the bowels; the proper amount of exercise keeps them acting once in every twenty-four hours. If they have not motion enough, there is constipation, which brings on very fatal disease; hence exercise—especially that of walking—wards off innumerable diseases, when it is kept up to an extent equal in inducing one action daily. Exercise is healthful, because the more we exercise the faster we breathe—we take that much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe which purifies the blood, and the more air we take in, the more perfectly is that process performed. The purer the blood is the better the health must be. Hence, the more the consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and speedy is his death.

A DARK AND GLOOMY BRIDAL.—We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and white-wash as the following. It reads like a yard of [illegible] ape:—Gloom was on her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander about the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black—and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark, overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah! joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together; and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all their gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lilly, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion, and warm, bright hope, were seen on that bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral possessed the bride, possessed the groom, possessed the preacher—in fact, they were all possessed. Reader, they were darkies!

A HEAVY WAGER.—The San Francisco *Alta Californian* gives the following account of a strangely-constituted wager. About ten months since two gentlemen of that city agreed to the following conditions:

If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within thirty days from date, he was to give his opponent a single sound apple: if Richmond held out sixty days he was to give him two apples, and so on, doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—to the end of time, if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the first apple was handed over, and the list of apples delivered at the end of the successive months is as follows: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256—total, 512. Thus far, it is all a good joke, and the loser has paid forfeits regularly with a good grace, but yesterday it ruined a $10 piece to meet the demand. (Apples are 15 to 20 cents per pound, and it took a fifty pound box). Should Richmond be taken within the present month, he would get back all the apples he has lost and one more, which, as the price will then be at the very highest notch, would make him more than even; but, should it hold out a year longer, and he continue to pay his losses, his last payment would cost him $40,960, and he would be $1,900 out; in three months more he would be out $689,340); and, should the war last from this date as much longer as it has already lasted since its commencement, no nation on earth could begin to meet the terms of the wager, even allowing it to be reduced to a cash basis, and the payments to be made in greenbacks.

TO PREVENT SICKNESS IN THE ARMY.—This short article may save the lives of a thousand men. The valley of the James is a malarious region. North of the tropics the three months in which malaria is contracted are August, September and October. Of all the facts in the science of medicine, the one best established is that Peruvian bark is the best preventive of malarious diseases. Three years ago the surgeons of some of the regiments in the army of the Potomac administered Peruvian bark, or its extract, quinine, to all the soldiers in their regiments every day during the three sickly months, and the public statistics showed a remarkable exemption from disease in those regiments. Let every person who has a friend in the army send him a dollar's worth of quinine, with instrucuons to put as much as will lie on the point of a pen-knife in his coffee every morning, and the probability is that he will escape chronic diarrhœa, fever and ague, and bilious fever.

SOLUMNCHOLY INDEED.—An old bachelor says, of all the solumn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from dear Sophia after being told that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

GAME MILL

BETWEEN

YOUNG GEO. HOLDEN AND MICK THE GRECIAN,

AT 887, FOR 30 SOVS.

These fistic lightweights met on Tuesday morning, July 5th. Both have figured in the P. R., Mick Moran (Mick the Grecian) having fought many good and game battles, his last being with Young Hicken, of Wolverhampton, which, after a determined stand, ended in a draw, as neither man was able to "go in and win;" he is generally known as a hard hitter, and one capable of taking no end of punishment. Holden has contended with Peter Morris, Young Lead, and other celebrities, but has generally fought up-hill battles, being pitted against the best men of the day; his last engagement was with Young Jack Lead, of the Peter Morris school, at whose hands he suffered a reverse. He is an exceedingly quiet, well-behaved lad, and universally respected by all around him. For the present engagement he was looked after by his uncle and father, in the neighborhood of Walsall—Mick "taking his breathings" in Wolverhampton, looked after by his late opponent, Young Hicken. Monday being the day for going to scale, the lads met at Mr. Taylor's well-known sporting house in Wolverhampton, amidst an extraordinary concourse of spectators, when each scaled, and was found well within the stipulated weight. Hednesford Heath was the selected spot, and the articles stipulating that the lads should be in the ring before six o'clock, necessitated a very early start, and those from Birmingham and distant parts were on the road as early as two o'clock on Tuesday morning. That well-known house, the Cross Keys, was reached by both parties between five and six, but, early as it was, the blues had got wind of the affair, and were quickly on the scene, "all attention." After a long consultation, the referee ordered a move as far as the Four crosses, some six miles further afield. Here an excellent field was found, and the ropes and stakes pitched. After an interval of some ten minutes Mick made his appearance, shying in his cap, and another interval elapsed, when George's cap came flying through the air, immediately followed by himself in person, which was the signal for a tremendous burst of applause, and some very spirited betting took place at 10 to 8 on the Walsall pet. It was now exactly 7:50, A. M. At this juncture two troublesome policemen came up, and after numerous pros. and cons., as they had entered the ring, it was thought advisable to draw the stakes again, when another circuitous route brought us to the Green Dragon, near Penkridge, where a slight stoppage was made to refresh man and beast—and both needed it. About another mile brought us to Garchief, near Cannock, and here a fitting spot was found, and the ropes and stakes were down "in a trice." Mick was again the first to show, and his cap fell in the ring by ten minutes past nine. Holden quickly followed, and the finishing touch was given to the lads. Holden won the toss for corners, and took the higher ground. He sported for his colors a white grounded handkerchief, with sprays of flowers of a light magenta shade. Mick's was a dark, rich blue, with a crossbar of several colors, and had a very rich appearance. Speculation again commenced in earnest at 10 to 8 on Holden, who looked all confidence. Having finished their toilets, the lads at 9:20 shook hands for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Mick stripped the bigger at weight, while George's countenance, which was beaming with smiles, promised the happiest results. Considerable sparring, when George was the first to lead, and got bang on the mouth-piece, Mick countering on the same spot. A claim of first blood was made by Holden, followed by a counter claim on the part of Mick, and as the carmine was just visible on both lads, no first blood was allowed. Holden got well on the ribs, Mick on the left daylight, when they closed, fibbing, and Holden had the best of the throw.

2. Holden, who was up all smiles, feinted, and drew his man on, when he dashed in his left on the ribs, and was away like a shot, Mick just reaching his back as he retreated. Holden got again on the ribs, Mick short in return, when they closed, and George, who was as strong as a young lion, gave Master Mick the cross-buttock.

3. Holden cleverly visited his opponent's left eye, Mick endeavoring to counter, but out of range—some half-arm hitting ensued in Holden's corner, when they closed, and Mick under in the throw. 2 to 1 laid freely on Holden.

4. Holden delivered a rattler on the chest and away without a return. On getting again within range he landed a perfect rib-bender, and away again, Mick looking serious—again on the left cheek, when they closed, fibbing away at the dial, and Mick slipped down.

5. Mick placed one to his account on the chest, but was quickly countered on the right daylight, a second visitation, which cut the eye-lid, and bled his man—away again for a spar, when George dashed in his left bang on the chops, and away—after which twice in succession he planted heavily on the ribs, and got cleverly away without a return, Mick being slower in his countering than we have ever seen him; indeed, he seemed all abroad. Holden got again on the right eye, and cut it open; both eyes now bleeding; an exchange on the dial, when Mick got down in a hurry.

6. Mick shot out his right, which was short—George away laughing—they now got to close work, fibbing away merrily; Mick down at the finish smothered in blood.

7. Mick led off for the dial, but was out of range, Holden returning on the left eye and cheek, and knocked his man down. First knock-down for Holden.

8. They got to work quickly, and closed at the ropes, pummelling away merrily, Holden on the ribs. Both down at the finish.

9. Mick's countenance told what he had been about very plainly, as both his peepers were swollen and queer, his left cheek swollen and flushed, while the blood trickled down his temples. Holden gave his opponent a punch on the mouth, and got cleverly away. On again getting together they countered simultaneously on the dial, when they closed, and Holden gave his man the back-heel.

10. Holden stabbed his man on the bread-basket, and received on the chest. Holden drove home a second rib-bender, and away, when they closed fibbing, and Mick slipped down.

11. Holden planted again on the right peeper, which looked unmistakeably queer; again on the ribs, Mick short in his return. They closed, and Holden had the best of the throw.

12. Mick, who, we are sorry to say, had very few friends present to back up his cause, looked anything but pleased with his situation—his right eye contracting, his left queer and swollen, his mouth puffed, cheeks ditto, told how George had been about him, while he seemed to have a wholesome dread of getting too near, while George looked too good-tempered to hurt anyone. Holden delivered well on the ribs, when they fought to the ropes, and both down, punching, Mike under.

13. Holden on the nose, and away again, a warm body-blow, without a return, when he essayed on the dial but was neatly stopped. Ding-dong exchanges to close, when Mick fell on his knees.

14. Holden drove home a rattler on the jaw, Mick returning prettily on the neck; Holden on the bread-basket, when Mick ducked to avoid a well-intended blow, and Holden clutched him; a trial for the throw, when Mick slipped down.

15. Mick slow to time. On getting together, Mick shot his right, but was short, when Holden countered heavily on the mouth, and drew fresh blood. Mick planted on the chest, but not in his old form, as all the steam seemed out of him. They fought to a close, and both down.

16. Holden planted on the cheek, and away from the return, laughing. On getting together, Mick got well on the chest and chin, when they closed at the ropes, and both rolled over, Mick's head in unpleasant contact with the ground.

17. Holden led off on the ribs with his left twice in succession, and again on the mouth, when Mick surprised and delighted his friends by landing well on the chest and ribs, and bored his man down at the ropes.

18. Holden steadied himself, and on getting within gun shot, stabbed Mick on the masticators twice in succession—sparring for measurement, when they countered simultaneously on the dial, and Mick slipped down.

19. Any odds now offered on the Walsall pet, but Mick's friends seemed few and far between—even 10 to 1 went begging. Holden got on a sharp body-blow, and away like a dart, again on the mouth and ribs, again twice in succession on the nose, and knocked his man down.

20. After countering on the dial, they fought to a close, and Mick again down. At this point, and when the lads had been contending forty-one minutes, amidst loud cries of "take him away!" Mick's second agreed to give in for the lad, on consideration of receiving a sov., which appeared to give general satisfaction, and the lads shook hands, Mick, as might be expected, much cut up at his defeat. He showed considerable punishment about the face, and was pretty well reddened on the ribs. The police were again "in at the death."

REMARKS.

We cannot but congratulate the Walsall hero on his victory over one of the toughest little customers in the Midlands, and we must admit that he fought with great judgment, reminding us of Teddy Tierney, of Birmingham—his friends, who mustered very strong round the ring, were in ecstacies at his achievement, of which they might well be proud—of Mick, we can only say that he was in some way all abroad, as he let his opponent get on without a return on numberless occasions—indeed, we never saw him to less advantage—added to this, he had but few friends to his back, which, doubtless acted prejudicially, for no one likes to fight a host, as the cry was all for George. Long indulgence in the pleasures of the cup has completely emaciated his constitution, which was one of iron. We doubt if he will again enter the ring.—*Ill. Sporting News.*

DETERMINED MILL

BETWEEN

DENNY CRONIN AND BILL MORRIS.

The fancy of the metropolitan division were called upon on Saturday, July 2d, for a discussion as to the superiority of fighting tactics between Bill Morris (who is as well known in Westminster as the ancient and historical Abbey itself) and Denny Cronin, a young and promising Hibernian neophyte, from that celebrated school of artistic talent, Nat Langham's, the Mitre, Upper St. Martin's-lane. For a match of such a small amount, £20, the interest appeared to be exceedingly great, for there was a large gathering of the clans—the "upper ten thousand" from the west mustering in force, to witness the performance of one of Ould Nat's new introductory novices.

Mister Denny Cronin is a brisk little Patlander of only nineteen summers, but has invariably evinced a disposition to fisticuffs, like his impulsive ancestors at Donnybrook Fair, in the green isle of St. Patrick. He weighed 8st to an ounce, stands 5ft 4½in. in height, and was confidently escorted into the ring by Job Cobley, the once Elastic Potboy, and young Jack Drewe, who is now matched to fight with Joe Goss' Novice, Young Hickin, of Wolverhampton. He was in capital condition, and the dashing fire of his eye, and his *brusque* bearing, as he peeled for the fray, told exceedingly well in his favor, and elicited a round of admiration and applause from a strongly-concentrated phalanx of bystanders.

Morris was, like the indomitable Tom Sayers, born in or about Brighton, and has appeared several times in the P. R. He was twenty-five on the 11th of last July, in altitude is 5ft. 5in. and weighed 9st. He made a successful, though truly unfortunate *debut* within the roped arena with Phil Redwood. The latter was so seriously injured in one hour and twenty minutes, after fighting 50 rounds, that he died under very great pain. Master Morris was deemed such a dare-devil that he was next pitted against Smokey Bishop, of Westminster; and the latter got a hearty good thrashing in about one hour and a half, sixty rounds. Next came a reverse of fortune, for when his wager of battle came on with Young Collins, of Stratford, he, in turn, got much punished and defeated in about 50 minutes. Then followed the lowering of his colors, at Aldershot, to merry little Jerry Hawkes; and so this made his winnings and his losings equal. His next affair of honor was with Frank Fullen, also of Westminster. This tournament took place ten weeks or so back—lasted one hour and 30 minutes, during which time 69 rounds were fought. He was backed from Mr. Downie's, The Admiral Nelson, Greystock-place, Westminster. His condition was very indifferent, and told of many a recent beerofied bout, which did not at all [illegible] with duly regulated principles of training.

The proceedings in town having all been satisfactorily [illegible] on the previous evening, the belligerent parties met [illegible] panied by their admiring partisans, in the afternoon, [illegible] summer nights being long, the rail and the river were [illegible] to ensure the affair coming off with ample satisfaction to the [illegible] multitude. After a rough sail against tide, a place of [illegible] was speedily discovered, and the active commissary of the [illegible] soon put his traps into order, and regulated the well-remembered four-and-twenty foot square with all due alacrity.

THE FIGHT.

Commenced at two o'clock.

Round 1.—On advancing from their seconds' corners, [illegible] was a visible disparity in point of condition, as Cronin [illegible] the bloom of the market indelibly impressed upon his countenance, while his adversary, despite his experienced and [illegible] style, looked languid, and showed the extreme folly of unlimited [illegible] indulgence. The lads were no sooner up than at work—Morris [illegible] ing, and with all springy action, dashed in a most [illegible] investment on the physog. Cronin retreated a step or [illegible] but it was clear a blow had roused him to action, for he gallantly came to the fore, like a true bred Inniskillen dragoon, and [illegible] one on the mark in order to show that he should not be found wanting in a day's work. Morris, in retaliation, on finding [illegible] to be the case, shot out his left again, flush on the dial; [illegible] by a clipping right hander on the caput, which made the [illegible] Morris again sparkle like a trooper. The Westminster [illegible] didate followed up his advantage by rallying, and bustling [illegible] an, and eventually threw Cronin, although by no means heavily. Yet the odds of 2 to 1 were offered freely on Morris.

2. His Sayers-beating mentor, Nat Langham, was [illegible] there" in Cronin's corner, and gave his instructions on the [illegible] let to the game Emeralder, who, we must do the justice to say, ventured on his errand in such a stern demeanor that really seemed to prognosticate success. He let fly his left mawley [illegible] he darby, and went a regular cracker with the right on the [illegible] optic of Morris, and the same visionary department began [illegible] swell and flush immediately. Both then rushed to in-fighting, and, after a scramblingly-finished round, fell close to the middle [illegible] take.

3. This was a terrific round, as both men got waxed to their work, and met each other with an impetuosity that certainly told well for the hopes of both parties. Morris's style fighting was by far the most admired, although his old generalship, style of dash, and fire, did not at all keep Cronin back. Matter made the first advances, and planted his left digits bang upon the canister, with stinging severity. Morris got frightfully galled at these complimentary visitations, and rushed suddenly to his man, and clinched his head with his arm. Having thus got his opponent's head into chancery, he kept fibbing away with his right duke, to Cronin's evident discomfiture. In this wise he drew first blood from Cronin by a stab in the ivory department, which brought the ruby up in abundance.

4. A very short but yet a bustling round. After at Langham's Pet had been wiped clean (and he received ever possible care and attention), he was first up to the scratch, and, immediately on Morris answering to the call, he delivered his left dinger on the throat. Morris made a successful hit on the nasal promontory, but, as it was rather short, the damage was but light, and was only a feeler, although clearly meant for a more mischievous investment. Morris had the best of the in-fighting and Cronin fell in his own corner.

5. They were no sooner up than at work. Cronin delivered his left on the throttle, and considerably flushed if Morris darted out a terrific spank on the speaking organ, and sore of the cochineal became visible. Denny sucked up the blood, but spat it out directly, and retreated a few paces to steady himself. Caution was given him from head-quarters, and he acted his man to some time till he fell backwards from the force of one of his own blows, but seeing that he had got a shade the best, he jumped up to renew the round. Morris, however, went to his corner.

6. Morris dashed his left bunch of fives dirst from the shoulder, on the left peeper, and a mouse thereon was soon apparent. Mutual exchanges to a close, when Cronin certainly showed to better advantage than the other, for he gaily worked the oracle by landing a clipping hit on the proboscis, which told well in his favor. Morris' indifferent condition here must have convinced him of the utter abs

early hour of the morning; and at one time it certainly looked as if the match would not go on. However, mutual objections were overcome; and articles ratified for the men to fight for £100 a side, and the Champion's Belt, on Tuesday, the third of January, 1865.

JEM MACE IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

COURT OF DIVORCE, June 30th.
(Before Sir J. P. Wilde).

MACE VS. MACE AND ROBERTS.

Mr. Bealey appeared for the petitioner; and Mr. Searle and Mr. Horne Payne for the respondent.

Mr. Bealey said that this was a suit instituted by Mr. James Mace, the well-known pugilist, for a dissolution of marriage, on the ground of his wife's adultery with the co-respondent. The parties were married in 1851, and at first lived in Norwich, but they subsequently removed to the Old King John public-house, Hollywell-lane, Shoreditch, which the petitioner had taken, having realised a sum of money by his skill in pugilism. The co-respondent could not be found.

The respondent recriminated the charge of adultery.

There were four children, issue of the marriage, three of whom were living.

William Dead, the first witness called, said that he had been in the service of Mr. Mace, which he entered about eighteen or nineteen months ago, and left in October, 1863. Up to August, 1863, Mrs. Mace was living in the house, and a sister of hers, named Adelaide Barton, was also living in the house. During the absence of Mr. Mace, who went about the country with a travelling circus, Mr. Roberts used to come to the house and sleep in the same apartment with Mrs. Mace. He remembered, in 1863, a dispute between Mrs. Mace and her husband, which ended in her leaving him in September, 1863, although he wanted her to remain. One night Mr. Roberts came to the house from his sister's, who kept a shop in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Mace told witness that he would give him some money if he did not tell Mr. Mace about his being at the house during his absence. Mr. Roberts slept at the house about a dozen times. After Mrs. Mace left her husband, he traced her to No. 30 Gorshall street, New North road, and he saw her and Mr. Roberts there together.

In cross-examination, the witness said that he was a hawker at present, and that he had left Mr. Mace because his house had been pulled down for the railway, and that he was not at present in business.

Amelia Cunningham, a sister of the petitioner, said that her husband was affectionate towards his wife, who was addicted to drink.

Evidence was then given to show that Mrs. Mace and Roberts had been living together for four months after she left her husband at 30, Gorshall street.

The deed of separation executed between Mace and his wife was then put in, and the handwriting of the parties was identified, which closed the case for the petitioner.

Mr. Searle addressed the Court, and said he could not deny the adultery of the respondent, but he would be able to prove that her offence had been condoned, and that the petitioner had himself committed adultery with a female named Selina Hart, by whom he had a child about two years ago.

Mr. John Hicks, landlord of the King's Arms, Whitechapel road, said that he knew Selina Hart, and went to her place with Mr. Mace, at Turner street, Commercial road. He saw him there frequently, and also at another lodging to which she removed. He asked witness if he could settle with Miss Hart about the child he had by her, and he gave him £20 for that purpose.

In cross-examination, the witness said that there had been some difference between him and Mr. Mace, but it was not of a serious character. He was not friends with Mrs. Mace, who blamed him for the connection between Mr. Mace and Selina Hart.

It was proved also that the petitioner had been living with a female at Poplar.

Sir J. P. Wilde, in delivering judgment, said there could be no doubt that both the petitioner and the respondent had committed adultery, for as regarded the former, he did not feel called upon to disbelieve Hick's evidence. The Court has discretion in granting relief to a petitioner even though he had been guilty of a misconduct himself; but that discretion had not yet been exercised, and he saw no reason to depart from the practice in this case, and dismissed the petition.

GREAT FIFTY-MILE TROT.

On Monday July 2, one of the most reckless, cruel, but yet most extraordinary trotting matches took place for £50 a side, between the celebrated American trotting horse Jack Rossiter, the property of Wiloughby Green, Esq., Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, and an English mare, late the property of Thomas Groves, Esq., of Spofforth), belonging to Mr. Robson, of the Talbot Inn, Leeds. The distance was fifty miles, upon the Leeming lane (Scott's corner), which was anciently laid out by the Romans, and Cremont Gardens, Rounday, near Leeds. Mr. Robson's mare had a start of 500 yards; but Jack Rossiter, who is 20 years' old, being of the American first-class trotting breed, soon gathered up the 500yds., although the first few miles was driven very rapidly. Mr. Robson started his mare at the rapid rate of 15 miles an hour, while old Jack Jossiter, who was driven in an American sulky, weighing about 190lbs, kept swinging close upon the mare's heels until 33 miles were got over, when Mr. Green called loudly upon old Jack and he answered gallantly, pricking both ears together, and he quickly dashed past the mare, and Mr. Robson, seeing his helpless position, unwisely put the whip heavily on to his mare, when a desperate struggle ensued, but the old gentleman dashed onwards. Coming within a few miles of Borough bridge, the old horse was more than two miles in advance of his opponent, when the tire of Mr. Green's sulky broke, and the spokes of one of the wheels gave way, which at the time gave great alarm to old Jack's friends; but Mr. Green having taken the buckram out of the mare beforehand, he easily and cautiously drove to Cremont Gardens, where no less than eight thousand people were in waiting for the winner. At this point a magistrate brought a sponge full of water and squeezed it into the mouth of poor Jack, and he relished it right well, for he soon afterwards "cleared out" and put into harness again, being followed home by thousands amidst deafening cheers. Mr. Robson's mare, on reaching Scarcroft, seven or eight miles from Leeds, broke down, and immediately died. The whole of the distance was densely thronged with thousands upon thousands of people, on foot, horseback, gigs, coaches, carriages, &c. Within about six miles of Leeds not less than 10,000 people were upon the highway, house tops, windows, chimney tops, and the like. When old Jack came in sight upon the hill, viewed from the Wellington Inn, near Scarcroft, the shouts of the people rent the air. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Green and Mr. Robson were both greatly fatigued. When old Jack Rossiter came within sight of Smithfield Iron Works, the people, who were assembled in thousands, loudly shouted, and it again gave vigor and vitality to the old horse, who landed home in an exhausted state. He accomplished the 50 miles in 3hrs. 40min. The old horse, in one hour out of three, trotted 17 miles, and if the sulky had not given way, he would have accomplished the whole of the distance in 3hrs. 30min. Mr. Robson's mare had been trained at Manchester, by Mr. Moffat, who acted as umpire for Mr. Robson, and the old horse being an American, stayed trotting, and was gently exercised at home. Mr. Hughes, of London, acted as umpire for Mr. Green. The bets on the old horse were very heavy, and it is said Mr. Robson will lose a large sum besides his favorite animal. Jack Rossiter was imported into England from America about five years ago, along with four other American fast trotting horses. While in America he trotted on Long Island against twenty others, the distance of three miles in 7min. 30¼ secs., and was sold afterwards for £540, to come to England.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—Your version appears. Your contributions welcome as usual.

EXPRESS.—"Nobody" "Expresses" considerable surprise that you let up on Mr. Drummond. He writes thus: "In the 13th Critical Position of Drummond, (Vol. XII CLIPPER,) as per solution, Black plays and White wins; but the position is only a draw, viz:

Black.		White.	
1..18	15	11	7
2..15	11	7	2
3.. 3	8 and draws.		
	If		
2..		6	2
3.. 5	1 and draws.		

L. P. COLE, Burlington, Vt.—We cannot grade as a player the gentleman you mention, having never met him across the board. As for his "never having been beaten over the board," remains to be tested. If he, or you, are confident of his power, suppose you issue a challenge of a reasonable amount to play a match of twenty or thirty games, to some of our players.

J. MCGREGOR, Winooski Falls, Vt.—A new correspondent, and young player, Mr. J. McIntosh, writes us, that he would like to play you two games through the CLIPPER, for $10 a side. He will make the stake of $10 in our hands before the play commences, and the moves to be made as rapidly as possible. He will play 11 to 15 for his first move in the first game, you to make any move you choose, for the first one in the second game. If accepted, send the $10, and your move.

J. MCINTOSH, New York.—You see we have entered your challenge.

W. R. BETHELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—We received your note too late, as you have seen before this. It's all right, however.

J. R. JAQUES, Malvern, C. W.—1. The game you send, was published in the CLIPPER as Game No. 43, Vol. XI. 2. John Drummond is a native of Scotland, and author of three editions of the "Scottish Draught Player." His last treats, principally, of the "Single Corner." Not to be had in this country, but we expect to have some copies in a few weeks. 3. Mr. Mercer is a fine player, and a good analist. He beat the gentleman you mention two games to one in every sitting they had, whenever they met for earnest play. 4. If the book you mention was divested of other players' labor, time and talents, but a very slender foundation would be left on which to erect a superstructure to the compiler's memory. 5. We cannot answer. 6. Your solution is unsound: 11 to 16 must be played first. We will send you the effect of your line of play soon. 7. No trouble at all to answer correspondents.

Game No. 17--Vol. XII.

EIGHTEENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.		Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.	
1..11	to 15	24	to 20	24..26	to 23	19	to 15
2.. 8	11	28	24	25..23	18	15	10
3.. 4	8	22	18	26..12	16	10	7
4..15	22	25	18	27..16	19	7	3
5..10	15	26	22	28..18	15	11	8
6..15	19	24	15	29..19	23	28	24
7.. 9	14	18	9	30..23	27	8	4
8..11	25	29	22	31..27	31	24	20
9.. 5	14	22	18	32..31	26	20	16
10.. 6	9(a)	27	24	33..15	10	16	11
11.. 8	11	24	19	34..10	14	4	8
12.. 7	10	30	26	35..13	17	8	12
13.. 3	7	26	22	36..17	22	11	8
14.. 1	5	32	28	37..22	25	8	4
15..11	16	20	11	38..26	22	4	8
16.. 7	16	18	15	39..22	17	8	11
17..14	18	15	6	40..25	30	12	16
18..18	27	31	24	41..30	26	16	20
19..16	23	6	1	42..26	23	11	16
20.. 9	13	22	18	43..23	18	16	11
21..23	26	18	15	44.. 2	6	1	10
22..26	31	15	11	45..14	16	21	14
23..31	26	24	19	46..18	9	20	11

Drawn.

(a) The Variation. The "Game of Draughts" plays 8 to 11, with a drawn game.

Solution of Position No. 15, Vol. XII.

BY H. CASTLE.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 7 to 2	23 to 14	3.. 6 to 10	14 to 7
2..17 21	32 23	4.. 2 18, and wins.	

Solution of Critical Position.

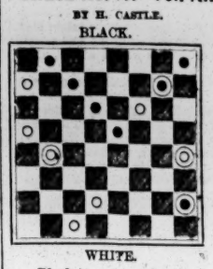
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.
1..14 to 10	6 to 15
2..31 26	15 19
3..32 27, and wins.	

Position No. 16.--Vol. XII.

BY H. CASTLE.

BLACK.

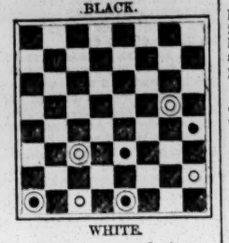


WHITE.
Black to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Enigma No. 439.

From the Book of the late World's Congress.
"Progress For Ever."
BY HERREN KOTZ AND KANNENGIESSER.

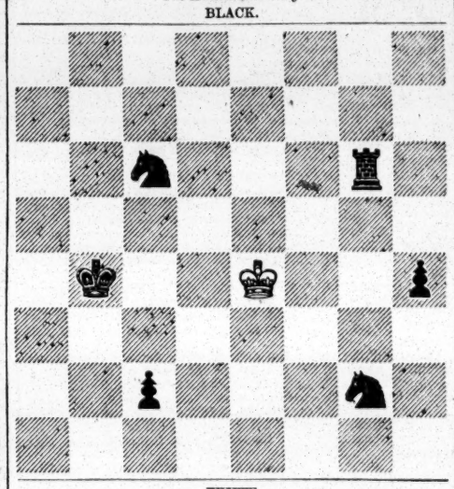
at Q Kt sq, Q R 3, Q B 7, Q 6, Q R 5, Q Kt 2, Q B 3, K 4th.

at Q B 4, Q 8, Q Kt sq, Q R 3, Q B 5, Q 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 439.

BY AN UNKNOWN CONTRIBUTOR.
"The Aldermanic Ring."
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 439.

Played in the Brooklyn C. C., between Messrs. Marache and Elder.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack. N. Marache.	Defence. F. H. Elder.	Attack. N. Marache.	Defence. F. H. Elder.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	18..Q B to K 3	P to Q Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	19..Q Kt-Kt 3	K-his R sq
3..P-Q 4	B P × P	20..Q-K 2	Q B-Kt 2
4..K Kt × P	K Kt-B 3 (a)	21..P-Q R 3	Q R-Q sq
5..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-B 3	22..Q R-Q sq	K R-B 2
6..Q B-K 3	K B-K 2	23..K B-R 5	P-K Kt 3
7..Castles.	Castles.	24..K B-B 3	Q-K R 5
8..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	25..Q-K Kt 2	Q R-K B sq
9..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 2 (b)	26..Q Kt-K 2	Q Kt-K 2
10..P-K B 4	K B-B 4	27..K B-Kt 4	P-Q 5 (d)
11..K B-K 2	P-K B 4 (c)	28..Q × Q B	Q × K B +
12..P-K Kt 4	Q-K 2	29..Q Kt-Kt 3	K Kt-Q B 4
13..K B-his 3	P-Q R 3	30..Q × Kt P	K Kt-K 5
14..Kt P × P	K B × Kt	31..Q B-B 2	K Kt × B
15..Q B × B	K R × P	32..K × K Kt	R × B P +
16..K B-Kt 4	K R-B sq	33..K-Kt 2	Kt-Q 4, and
17..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q R 4	the Attack resigned.	

(a) This is the correct mode of playing the Sicilian Defence.
(b) He should rather have taken the K P.
(c) Q to her Kt 3d would be met by Kt to Q R 4th.
(d) The consummation of this game is one of peculiar vigor and beauty.

The following *partie* occurred in Boston in the first of the late matches between Messrs. Mackenzie and Hammond.—*Evening Bulletin.*

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Mackenzie.	Hammond.	Mackenzie.	Hammond.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13 K R to K sq	Castles.
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..Q B × Kt	Kt P × B
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3 (e)	15..Kt-R 4 (h)	Kt-K Kt 3
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..Kt-K B 5	Q-her 2
5..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P (f)	17..Q-K Kt 4	K-his R sq
6..Castles (g)	P-Q 3	18..K R-K 7	Q-her B sq
7..Q Kt × P	K Kt-B 3	19..Q R-his 3	K R-K sq
8..Q B-Kt 5	Q B-K 3	20..R × B 1st P	K R-K 8 +
9..Q Kt-Q 5 best	Q B × Kt	21..K B-home	Q-K sq
10..K P × B	Q Kt-K 2	22..Q × Q Kt (i)	B × B P +
11..P-Q Kt 4	K B-Kt 3	23..K × K B	K R × B +
12..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3	24..K × K R	R P × Q, and
		the Attack gives mate in three moves.	

(e) Thus resolving the opening into the Scotch Gambit, is, we believe, the best play at the command of the Defence.
(f) An astonishing lapsus to occur in an opening of a match game; what, however, is more surprising, Mr. M. fails to take advantage of it.
(g) 6..B × B P + was the obvious play; and then, whether the Defence capture or not, the Attack obtains a manifest advantage, *e. g.*:

6..K B × P +	K × K B (1)	8..Q to R 5 + P to K Kt 3
7..Q-her 5 +	K-home	9..Q × K B, &c.
6..	K to his B sq	8..Q Kt × P, with a fine game.
7..K B × Kt	K R × B	

(h) Capt. Mackenzie conducts the ending of this game in irreproachable style.
(i) Finely played!

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS KATE RAYMOND.

THIS lady was born in France in 1844, and came to this country when quite a child. Her first appearance on any stage was at Newburgh, N. Y., in May, 1861, as the wife of St. Claire, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was at that time travelling with a dramatic company under the management of Messrs. H. B. Gates and Thompson. Her *debut* proved a successful one, and she resolved to continue on in the profession she had chosen, and strive to occupy a prominent position in the theatric world. Shortly after her *debut* she assumed the difficult *role* of Mrs. Haller, in the "Stranger," and succeeded admirably. Soon after this she was engaged at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, where she remained a brief period, playing "Boys' parts," and a heterogenous line of business. After a short resting spell, she commenced practicing for the Equestrian drama, and she made her first appearance as an equestrian actress at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, January 4th, 1864, as Mazeppa, to one of the largest audiences seen within that building for some time. So marked was her success, that she was secured by Manager Allinson for a period of six weeks, which she fulfilled with credit to herself and the manager. During this engagement she appeared as Jack Sheppard, on horseback; Baby Blanche, Margaret Catchpole, etc. In each of these characters she was sustained by Mr. O. B. Collins, the well-known actor. At the conclusion of this engagement she returned to New York to recuperate her health and take a little rest. Remaining here three weeks, she once more visited Philadelphia, and was engaged at the Continental for six months, playing the leading business there until the close of the season. She is now the leading feature of the American Equestrian Dramatic Troupe, under the management of H. B. Gates, and is preparing for a fall and winter campaign. As an actress in the peculiar sensation line of the Mazeppa business, Miss Raymond is said to be very good. She is very versatile, makes a good appearance on the stage, and is withal popular with her audiences. During the past two months she has been studying many new pieces, several of which have been written expressly for her. Among the pieces in which she is to appear during the coming season are, "The Border Spy; or, The Trapper's Last Shot;" "The Child of the Prairie; or, The Wild Horse of the Forest;" "The Ride for Life," "The Horse Thief's Leap," "The Brigand Queen," "Jennie Diver, the Female Highwayman," "The Demon's Huntsman," "The Devil on Horseback," "Mazeppa," "Putnam," "Dick Turpin," "Jack Rann," "Mike Martin," "Jack Sheppard," "Eagle Eye," "Nick Whiffles," "Herne the Hunter," "Timour the Tartar," "Margaret Catchpole," "The Female Spy," "El Hyder" and "Claude Duval." Mr. O. B. Collins will travel with Miss Raymond, and support her in all the above pieces; also Gates' trained mare Black Bess.

TWO DEVILS.—William Horace Wood has published a caricature picture, representing Satan and Jeff Davis, the first and last rebels, as playing chess, the stake being the latter's soul. It's a rich thing. See advertisement in another column.

OUR GAME BAG.

O DID YOU TWIG HER ANKLE?—(*A Song to be encored at any of the Music Halls.*)

As I strolled down Broadway,
A scrumptious gal I met,
Her name it was Jemima,
And her hair was in a net:
Her cheeks were red as roses,
Her hat was a porkpie,
And just to show her petticoat
Her dress was held up high.

Chorus—(in which the enlightened audience all join.)

O did you twig her ancle?
Too ral loo ral li do.
O wasn't it galopshus?
Too ral loo ral lay!

PUNCTUALITY ON THE DRUNK.—A Hawick innkeper, speaking of his customers, lately said, Mr. So-and-so "is the most regular man in Hawick; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing being punctual!"

CONFIDENCE IN PARENTS.—A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, we do not now remember what, exclaimed: It's true, for ma said so: and if ma says it's so, it's so *if it ain't so.*

ALL RIGHT.—Leggs is a queer fellow: on being asked, at breakfast, if his hash was "all right," he replied "I think so, as I see none *left.*"

A PRODIGY OF NATURE.—On October 30, 1741, was born at Wallingham, a village in Cambridgeshire, Thomas Hall, a youth who was considered as one of nature's prodigies. When he was but three years of age, he measured three feet eight inches high, was proportionably large, had a very strong and manly voice. He, however, died before he had attained his sixth year, with all the symptoms of decrepitude and old age.

LO! THE POOR SOLDIER.—Mrs. Robinson, it is reported, has secured a stall at the Academy of Music for the coming season. It is whispered that she will deal in onions hereafter, for the benefit of the "poor soldiers."

WORLDLY WISDOM.—Whatever you dislike, study.
When attacked, stop not to defend yourself but attack in return.
A wound hurts most in the dressing.
A girl of fourteen thinks herself a woman; treat her with the same consideration.
To do one thing well, one must do everything else ill.
Try to get acquainted with well-bred people, but do not despise those who have not your advantages.
Every man makes his own misfortunes.
It is easier to lose your manners than to gainthem.
Pleasure in a work is not a conceit; but pleasure from work is.
He that praises, lies to himself; he that blames, lies to you; he that does neither, expresses by acts the indifference he feels.
Let him drive who cares not for dust.
That is only of value which a man does with his whole heart.
Intellect is the engine, will is the motive power.
When you understand a man you know more than he.
Have no settled opinions; you are only a man.
Selfish people are the most improvident.
To study one life, the length of a dozen is needed.
If you must lie, lie boldly, and without equivocation.
Never attempt to reason a man out of an opinion; to change him will not help you, and there is no such thing as to be certain of the truth.

OMENS.—A writer on the subject says: "If a hare cross this way, it is an omen of ill luck; if an owl screech, a dire calamity is at hand; if the salt is spilled, it is ominous to one of the family; the chattering of a magpie, the death watch, the chirping of the merry cricket, many of these are considered as valid bequests by the superstitious. The breaking of a looking-glass is unlucky; when our cheek burns, or ear tingles, somebody is talking of us. Since the song of the 'Babes in the Wood,' few robin redbreasts have been destroyed; magpies chattering forebode something, for Editha persuaded her husband to build a monastery at Assey upon the chattering of pies. To kill spiders is unlucky. Winding sheets in candles, or fungous parcels about the wicks, as Dr. Browne calls them, are prophetic; so also the black cobwebbish appendages on the bars. To put on a stocking wrong side outward is a lucky omen, so also to get out of bed backwards, if unpremeditated. Certain moles upon the body are very significant; to sit crosslegged is bad; hollow stones are lucky against the nightmare; white spots upon the nails are lucky or otherwise, as they present."

THE QUAKER AND THE LAWYER.—"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straitlace to his master, a rich Quaker, "thou must not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide meal to-day." "Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker. "Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calls Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it!—yea, and he hath eaten it." "Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?" "Verily, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog—even Pinchem." "Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless Quaker, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Foxcraft," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion." "I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen. "Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into my neighbor's pantry, and stolen thereform a leg of mutton, and I see him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?" "Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer." "Know, then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog—even the dog denominated Pinchem—hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market this morning." "O, well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it." And he having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart. "Tarry yet awhile, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity, I have further to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings for advice." "Then, verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled."

JUST TAKE A SQUINT.—"Do you see that meeting house on the tap of thon brae, Jimmy?" "An' sure, it's meas'f that does," says Jimmy. "Now," says Pat, "just take a squint at it through my spy glass, and it will be so nigh that ye can hear the organ play."

THE ELEGANCIES OF LIFE.—A nobleman dwelling in London one day received a visit from a Scotch laird from the Highlands; and having certain reasons to propitiate the laird, he invited him to dinner. The worthy old gentleman, who had never before seen finger glasses, drank off the contents of his vessel, when the butler put down another; but the laird turned to him, saying: "Na, na, John, I'm for nae mair could water." The guest, when vermicelli soup was placed before him, exclaimed: "I winna fash wi' boiled worms."

GIVING FULL CREDIT.—A Scotchman put a crown piece into "the plate," in Edinburgh church, on a late Sunday morning, by mistake, instead of a penny, and asked to have it back, but was refused. In once, in forever. "Aweel, aweel," grunted he; "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said the doorkeeper; "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'."

ABOUT A BIG BUMP.—A lecturer on phrenology at Blackburn, in examining the head of one of his auditors, pronounced the "animal propensities" very large. "Well, now," exclaimed the astonished mechanic, in unmingled surprise, "I do a good deal among animals!"

A FIGURE OF SPEECH MISINTERPRETED.—Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights, and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One of them took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone, I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

VERY TRUE.—Fanny Fern, who ought to know, says, speaking of cotton: "The ladies, as we all know, owe something of their angelic symmetry to the pure and delicate Southern staple. Of the products of the earth, it is nearest to their hearts."

CHECKERED.—The reason why our operations before Petersburg are so chequered, says Scriboleras, is because they are participated in by blacks and whites.

A BOY entered a stationery store the other day, and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well, then," said the boy, "I'll take three cents worth of pig pens."

THE SHEEPEATER.—How do we know the apostle Peter's wife fed on mutton? Because she must have been a she Peter.

ABOUT THREE SKIPS OF A LOUSE.—A lady once remarked to Charles Lamb that she did not care for him three skips of a louse. The witty gentleman at once took a card and wrote the following lines, and handed them to her:—

"A lady once told me, and in her own house,
That she cared not for me three skips of a louse;
I forgave the poor creature for what she had said,
For ladies will talk of what runs in their head!"

WHO KILLED MIKE BUTLER?—The Cincinnati *Commercial* publishes long lists of the deaths of Western soldiers; sometimes, however, it makes mistakes, as the following communication shows:—

HOSPITAL 2D DIVISION, 15TH ARMY CORPS,
Resaca, Ga., May 28.

EDS. COM: I see my name reported in the list of deaths at this hospital. I knew it was a lie as soon as I saw it. Hereafter, when you hear of my death, write me and find out if it is so before publishing it. Yours, convalescently,
MICHAEL BUTLER, Co. I, 47th Ohio.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, July 25, 1864.

WHEN Mr. Bonaparte commenced his excursion to Moscow, he could have had no conception of the illumination which was being prepared for him, nor of the warning which was in store for him in that cold country, else he would have fought it out on some other line, probably. When Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and other congenial spirits, commenced throwing balls and things at Fort Sumter, in 1861, they could not have anticipated the great trouble they were inaugurating, nor the warming which they are likely to meet with before this cruel war is over, else they never would have knocked the chip off our hat. If they opened the ball in sport, they probably see the folly of it by this time, and would gladly undo all they have done were the thing at all possible; but we are in the midst of a fight begun by a handful of men in Charleston Harbor, and the probability is that it will go on until the leading spirits of the rebellion shall have been effectually throttled. In the North we are but just beginning to understand the terrible struggle in which the country is engaged. Heretofore we have sailed along apparently unconcerned, but now we take note of passing events, and keep an eye to leeward for breakers; we begin to feel the cost of this war, and the corresponding cost of everything else, and we wonder where it will all end. The most singular thing, however, in connection with the war is the success which has attended nearly all places of amusement in the North. Never before, in the same period of time, have managers made so much money as they have made since the season of 1861. At that time, managers felt extremely shaky, and braced themselves as best they could to meet the looked-for shock; actors and actresses were engaged for little or nothing, for they often thought that a small loaf was better than none at all. Contrary to general expectations, after the first fright was over, amusements began to flourish; the public sought to drown all thoughts of the war by visiting the theatres and halls of amusement, and managers felt themselves suddenly getting rich without any extra exertion on their part to bring about that much-desired result. The managers' position was rosy, and the managerial goose was much elevated; everybody wanted to be a manager, and mourned because they were not—the "people," the players, hoped that their condition might be improved by the unexpected turn in favor of theatricals, but they did not begin to agitate the question until the past season, when there was some slight murmuring, which culminated, at the close of the campaign, in a call for a meeting, the result of which gathering has already been made known in the columns of the CLIPPER. Another meeting was held last week, the proceedings of which may be found in another article. From present indications, managers will have another prosperous season in 1864-5. The competition promises to be lively; the sensation drama will flourish, and the scenic artist, machinist and costumer will play an important part in the campaign. Bare-back Mazeppas, bare-neck French Spies, and bare-legged dancers and ballet-girls will meet with favor. There's no use in talking against the undressed feature of such things; managers give their patrons just what their patrons pay to see and hear, and there is no more attractive show than that presented in the young and gushing thing of sixteen years and upward; if her clothes are scanty and short at both ends, so much the better for the manager—the people will crowd a theatre just in proportion as the young lady displays her charms; the manager is not to blame, the actress is not to blame: the people are the ones who "ought to be ashamed of themselves," as Mrs. Peppersass, the boarding-house woman, says. Fond and immaculate reader, "Oh! don't you remember" when Dr. Collyer first introduced his model-artist tableaux to our chaste and virtuous gaze? Dear, dear, what a trying time that was! We were as innocent and pure as Joseph of old; had never seen a model artist; didn't know whether it meant a man or a beast; in such a moment came Collyer and his show. He took the town by storm; everybody wanted to see the model artist; we *all* went to see them; women and men, old and young, alike crowding the hall to get a look at the "scriptural" and other illustrations; such sights we never "saw since we were weaned," as a celebrated writer once suggested. The models were composed of males and females, "selected for their beauty of face and form;" their wardrobe was of the Flora McFlimsey pattern, for they had little or nothing wherewith to cover their nakedness; there were Venuses, Eves, Psyches, the Three Graces, and all manner of buxom lasses, looking their prettiest, and showing off their charms to the vulgar gaze of a "discriminating, highly respectable, and appreciative audience." Gentlemen, *we* were not contaminated, but the rest of the spectators were; they became demoralized; their tastes took to the model artist style, and though the Doctor's show was closed by force of public opinion, yet he had sown seed enough to bring forth its like in fruit; then started up the secret exhibitions, where young girls exhibited themselves without a stich of clothing on, at the reasonable price of five dollars for each spectator; the aristocratic beauties got ten dollars; while the Five Pointers showed for as low a sum as 50 cents a sight. Our destruction dates from that period. We now take to the ballet, to "French Spies," "Mazeppas," and "Lady Godivas." Even at what are called *highly* respectable theatres, the ladies find it to their interest to wear very low-neck dresses, and display as much of their personal charms as they can with decency. At the Opera, the *habitues* appear in undress rig, as they sit in their boxes, and display their alabaster necks and bosoms without regard to the consequences upon their children of rising young men, or the feelings of superannuated and worn out fathers. So you may prepare for a lavish exhibition of female charms the coming season, and the manager who secures the prettiest *ballet*, the best formed actresses, and all that, can rake down the "loot," as the rebels called their plunder, after they had "skyugled" out of Maryland.....The managers had a meeting on the 21st, at the house of Mr. Wallack, the elder. The theatres represented were Niblo's, Winter Garden, Wallack's, New Bowery and Olympic; the Museum, and Wood's and Bryants Minstrels were also represented. The two minstrel managers, Messrs. Wood and Bryant, concluded to increase the tariff of admission to their halls to 35 and 50 cents. The theatrical managers are willing to go up, but they have not yet agreed upon a satisfactory schedule; if they raise, it will be on a sort of sliding scale from 25 cts to anything. The Broadway was not represented at the meeting, neither was the Old Bowery. We do not believe there will be much of a change, if any, in the tariff on the east side of town; some of the Broadway houses may tack on a quarter or fifty cents for reserved and orchestra seats, reserving the parquet and dress circles for such purposes, but the managers scarcely know what they will do yet—like the two urchins who laid out for a fight, "one's afraid and the other don's nt." No doubt all the theatres will be under much heavier expenses next season than they have ever been under before; higher salaries must be paid; musicians cost more; supes charge 50 cents a night instead of 25, as formerly; then there's the license, and two per cent on gross receipts, which Uncle Sam demands of them. All these things combine to make an advance in the cost to "go in," necessary. We shall soon see how the land lies.....We never saw so many managers, actors, actresses, and show people in the city at one time as we saw last week. Broadway and the hotels were chock full of them. New York is the great focus for show folks. It is in New York that the star gets his first send off; no matter in what theatre or hall he performs, in this great city, it is all the same; he or she hails from New York, where they "have just concluded a most successful engagement, having been most favorably received by both press and public." Here, too, the manager comes to engage people, and here the people congregate to be engaged. Here's where the "latest productions" are hatched; here's where "a gentleman of this city" makes his home and "new and original plays." From this city all that's good emanates, and all that's bad. We never saw Broadway more thronged than of late. Everybody is on it, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the weak, the strong; all crowding and jostling each other on the shilling side—it ought to be two shillings now, since everything is up—pushing along, helter skelter, some bound up, others down; some on business, some bent on pleasure. It is a world in itself, peopled by representatives from all parts of the habitable globe. The player holds high court on the street in these days of idleness and recuperation; but the scene will soon change; the actor from abroad must hasten home to "assume the arduous duties of his profession" for another ten months and a day. Before he goes, let us "Kiss Him for his Mother," for, in the pathetic language of the great poet, "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" Pardon us, friends, if we seek to relieve our surcharged feelings by making a piece of poetry about Broadway, with motherly accompaniment.

ODE TO BROADWAY AND MY MOTHER.

The summer sunset's shadows lay
Along the city's famed Broadway,
Where everything looks bright and gay—
My Mother.

There fashion riots in her pride,
And poverty walks side by side,
With wealth and ignorance allied—
My Mother.

There, saddening hearts go to and fro,
Regardless of each other's woe,
As streams which onward silent flow—
My Mother.

And hopeful spirits, stern and brave,
Who neither bow, nor sue, nor crave
To any power, the soul to 'nslave—
My Mother.

Where the weak and strong go jostling by,
And vice, beneath the pure blue sky,
Attracts and charms the willing eye—
My Mother.

Where Faro plies his little arts,
And sometimes crushes bleeding hearts
By playing underhanded parts—
My Mother.

Where cyprians in their bright array
Attract us by the light of day,
And in the evening make us pay—
My Mother.

Where haunts of every hue and shade,
To fleece the man, to lure the maid,
Soon send them on the downward grade—
My Mother.

Where we must end this roundelay,
And save some for another day,
But who will care for you in the meantime—
My Mother.

SATURDAY EVENING is not set down in the annals as a good opera night, be it Italian opera, German, French, or Irish-American; yet we were pleased to find quite a large audience in attendance at Mrs. Wood's Olympia, on the evening of the 23d, the attraction being the "Bohemian Girl," with the Campbell, Borchard, and Wells troupe to translate its beauties. [Books *the* op'ra: *As* op'ra: *sus!* *fans!* *the* op'ra; *fans!*] The "Bohemian Girl" is a popular opera, because it contains so many pleasing melodies, and so much music that the uneducated ear can readily comprehend, and therefore enjoy; such operas do more to inculcate a love for music than all the complicated and ornamental stuff called classical music that ever was written. [*The* op'ra—*the* op'ra.] M'me Borchard was the Arline of the opera, somewhat too robust for the little girl stolen by the gipsies about fifteen years previous; Miss Louise Myers would look this part much better than the Madame; but Louise was the Gipsy Queen, and she looked as much out of place in the character as Borchard in hers. They both sang well, however, and were much applauded [*Fans! fans!* Bo*kays! kays!* F*a-n-s!*] Campbell's Count Arnheim was well done; we have seen the part botched so often that we had fears that even this clever singer might trip up in it, but he didn't; he acted well, and sang with his usual taste and judgment; "The Heart Bowed Down" was honored with an *encore* at the hands of a sympathizing audience. Castle, as Thaddeus, sang much better than he acted, and was *encored* in two or three of his songs; "The Fair Lass of Poland" was well sung, and was loudly applauded. Miss Louisa Myers has a good round voice, and is heard to good advantage in the concerted music; she is a pleasing little body, and we hope to see her in something better adapted to show her off than the Gipsy Queen. Walter Birch did pretty well with the impossible and nasty part of Florewin. Mr. Warren White, as Devilshoof, acted the part fairly, but he has not a very powerful voice, and therefore does not make much out of Devilshoof's musical *role*. Some of the choruses were capitally sung; indeed, we have heard choruses in certain Italian operas far inferior to that now singing at the Olympic. [*Fans.*] "The Bohemian Girl" will probably be withdrawn after the 26th inst., to make room for the "Rose of Castile," which is now in rehearsal. Let us all bestow on the "Rose of Castile" soap enough to remunerate the lessee for her liberality in giving us a new opera.

MATILDA HERON lost a diamond cross on the 20th inst., "a souvenir from my first and best friends, the citizens of San Francisco, in 1852." She would like to get it back again, and will give the honest finder $100 to return it to her.

GREELEY, THE TROUBADOUR, touched his guitar, while bound to Niagara to patch up the war; singing in search of thee, Sanders I come; Jewett dear, Hay is here, we must soon hurry home. Sanders for his troubadour peacefully wept, sadly he thought of him whilst Greeley slept; singing in search of thee would I might roam, Tribune man, Greeley dear, cross over Jordan. We have been led to make these remarks from a perusal of the Niagara peace correspondence, and a subsequent visit to Barnum's Museum, where there is just as diversified a mixture of natural and unnatural objects as recently assembled on opposite sides of Niagara, to discuss opposite sides of the war question. How pleasant to turn from such conflicting elements and visit Campbell's Minstrels, in the Bowery, where all is peace and harmony, and where the cheering sound of voices in sweet accord makes us feel that there is still something worth living for, even though there be no peace, no apparent end to this cruel war. Abraham's jokes are but trifles light as air compared to the little stories and squibs touched off by the clever comedians belonging to the Campbell's. But a few weeks have elapsed since Mr. Campbell inaugurated his new hall, and introduced his band to the notice of a New York public, yet in that time he has secured a firm footing in the Bowery and has met with very flattering encouragement. We think *the* Campbell has struck the right vein at last; he has worked industriously for a managerial position, and we hope he sees before him the path to fame and fortune.

"SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea foam," but we don't; we'd sooner go any night to see the "Sea of Ice" at Niblo's than roam upon a sea of foam, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but sky and water. Sea foam is a very pretty thing when colored in Meerschaum pipes, but there is something so substantial in a sea of ice that we can see it at a glance. Thus much for a preface. Manager Wheatley has placed the great spectacle of the "Sea of Ice" on the stage in such a liberal manner, that it seems to have frozen fast to public favor, this being the third week of its run at Niblo's. Miss Lucille Western improves in the *role* of Ogarita. The lady's engagement will terminate in a few weeks more, so that our friends should embrace the present opportunity to witness her performance in this new character.....Maggie Mitchell will probably succeed Miss Western.

J. B. HOWE, who has been engaged to take the place made vacant at the New Bowery by the withdrawal of Mr. G. C. Boniface, made his first appearance there on Monday evening, 18th inst. He was warmly received by a large audience, and his style seems to be about the proper calibre to suit the patrons of the New Bowery. He has appeared in a variety of melo-dramas and pieces of that character, and has succeeded in drawing remunerative houses throughout the week. This evening, 25th, Mr. Howe will produce for the first time in America his own drama called "Geo. Barrington, the Gentle Highwayman".....Chas. E. Collins, the Cure and clog dancer, has been engaged for a short season, commencing this evening.....When the house closes, some alterations are to be made in the auditorium; the dress circle will be lowered two or three feet, making the connection between that part of the house and the parquet more easy than it is at present. Other improvements will be made at the same time.

MISS AVONIA JONES finishes her engagement at Wallack's this evening, 25th, when she will appear as "Camille." Miss Matilda Heron claims the sole right to play this piece, and when Miss Jones announced it, Matilda was about to prevent its performance by placing an injunction on Avonia, but afterwards thought better of it, and permitted a sister artist to go ahead with the show as announced for one night only.

THE OLD BOWERY is being touched up inside and out during the vacation, and already begins to look like a new place. The season will commence in a few weeks with great *eclat*, and with a strong company.

THE MUSICIANS have succeeded in getting the advance demanded by them, and those who dance will have to pay the fiddler more wages this season. It is probable that our orchestras will be reduced in the number of pieces engaged, and in that way accounts will be balanced. The musicians will receive better pay, but a less number than usual will be employed.

MISS HELEN WESTERN remains the attraction at the Broadway Theatre, where she has succeeded in drawing good houses ever since she commenced there. Some of the critics are disposed to complain of the character of the pieces which she makes a specialty. One grumbles at the "French Spy," another has a fling at "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and so on. When Madame Celeste first appeared in this country in such pieces as the "French Spy," everybody was wild to see her, and everybody praised her; the critics went into raptures over her fine face and form, and pantomime business. Her fame was sounded all over the country, and the more of her charms she displayed, the more was she admired and patronised and favorably criticised. *She* was a foreigner. Now that one of our own production essays such pieces, she is condemned on the score of immorality, etc., by some of the very people who were among the first to commend and applaud Celeste. Let Miss Helen Western go ahead, and play the pieces that please her patrons most. If she exhibits her handsome face and form in the style of costume called for by the character assumed, she just does what the people expect her to do, and what they pay her to do. Suppose Miss Helen were to announce some Shakesperean play, herself to appear as the heroine: do you think she'd draw? Not a draw; Shakespeare is'nt her *forte*, and the people would cut her if she attempted anything of that sort. Her line is the sensational and pretty; people go to see as much of a pretty woman as they can for the money, and as Miss Western is one of the pretty kind, the lovers of the beauties of animated nature go to see and hear her, just as they flocked to see Celeste, and Lola Montez, and Vestvali, and others of that class. Miss Helen will continue at the Broadway until August, on the 15th of which month she is engaged to appear in St. Louis.

FRANK BROWER, he of "Happy Uncle Tom" renown, is to have a testimonial benefit at the New Bowery Theatre, on Wednesday evening, August 31, on which occasion a grand bill of attractions will be offered. Frank is one of those genial spirits who make friends wherever they go; he is, in fact, everybody's friend, and everybody is his friend. Such being the case, it is highly probable that the New Bowery will be well filled on the night of "Happy Uncle Tom's" benefit.

W. H. LEAK is to join the company of the Olympic, on the 27th inst., being his first appearance there.

"MOTHER, I've Come Home to Die." Ah! who has not felt the tear of sympathy trickle down the furrowed cheek while listening to the plaintive ballad commencing as above? It is truly a touching story of the vicissitudes of war, of the trials, and toil, and sickness, and death of the devoted son and brave soldier. But, we are happy to say, there is a bright side to the picture, as well as a gloomy. All who go to defend our glorious Union and squelch the enemy, do not come home to their mothers to die; some do not have that consolation. There are those who come home veterans in their country's cause, covered with scars and other honorable marks. At Wood's Minstrels, this evening, and through the week, you can have the privilege of listening to the recital of a pathetic story of another soldier in a different line from the one who came home to die. This song is called "Mother, I've Come Home to Eat." *There* is a subject for you, and Wood's Minstrels will do it ample justice.....S. S. Purdy, one of the best comedians in the business, has been engaged by Mr. Wood, and will appear this evening for the first time at that house.

444 BROADWAY is being fixed up preparatory to re-opening on the 15th of August. Mr. Butler has his company in Boston at the present time, but they will soon leave the Hub for their old field of labor. They will be welcomed by their many patrons.

MAX MARETZEK has secured the services of Carozzi Zucchi and Brambilla for the ensuing operatic season. "Faust," "Macbeth," and "Elisa Valasco," are among the operas he intends bringing out, we believe. The last named is one of Pacini's, and was never played out of Italy. Zucchi is said to be great as the heroine of this place.

ANOTHER MEETING OF ACTORS took place at the Tremont House, in this city, on Thursday, July 21st, there being present a fair attendance of representatives from all the theatres here. Mr. Davidge presided, and Mr. George Stoddard acted as secretary. After the minutes of the last meeting were approved, Mr. George Clarke, in behalf of a committee previously appointed, read the following report, containing a preamble and resolutions, for the guidance of the organization:

Whereas, During the last few years, the expenses of living and the prices of nearly every commodity in trade have increased so heavily, and the depreciation of paper currency has been so rapid and extensive, that in the theatrical profession salaries that were formerly considered good and lucrative, are hardly sufficient now to furnish the common necessaries of life.

Whereas, The musicians and all other employees of the theatres in this city have succeeded in obtaining a reasonable increase of salaries, to meet their increased expenses, while the actual members of the profession itself have not hitherto demanded or received such advantages; therefore

Resolved, It is now become a duty to themselves and their fellow-artists elsewhere, for the actors and actresses of the municipal cities to appeal to the liberality and sense of justice of their managers for a prompt and adequate increase of salaries, placed on a specie basis.

Resolved, That we establish, for the future welfare of the profession, a protective association or union, having for its principal object the following:

First. A fixed minimum of salary for each distinct line of business, from leading to utility, to be determined upon by artists from each department, and of acknowledged ability therein.

Second. A return of the old system of engaging members of the profession for definite lines of characters, thus obviating all professional misunderstandings and preventing any artist from undertaking any more than his or her legitimate business, and by such means keeping another professional out of an engagement.

Third. A regular and careful systemization of all business matters between managers and artists, of such a nature that, while mutually benefitting honest, honorable lessees, and those engaged by them, it may be a strong and invulnerable defense for the latter against the dishonest machinations of outside speculators and dishonest traders on other peoples talents and time. Therefore it is further

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, members of the theatrical profession, hereby pledge ourselves to abide by and conform to such rules and regulations as this association may from time to time think proper to adopt.

Mr. Bernard said, that, as one of the committee, he felt impressed with the necessity of the association establishing lines of business on the stage, by which the salaries could be regulated. Mr. Hall considered that it would be very difficult to establish lines of business when an actor had to assume different parts. Mr. Davidge agreed with the last speaker in his remark that the establishment of lines of business would be attended with considerable difficulty. But, independent of the question, they had met to have the salaries of actors so advanced as to meet the depreciation of the currency. It was in no spirit of intimidation that they had convened. Their object was one prompted by necessity. A meeting of managers would take place, and it would be soon seen whether they would soften their adamantine hearts to actors. All would agree in the necessity of the movement they had begun. Mr. Bernard believed the association was one which the present and the future would render inevitably necessary to the actor, in order to represent his interests and advance his condition. After considerable further discussion, the preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted. The chairman then appointed a committee to draft rules for the future governance of the society; and it was resolved to prepare an address inviting all artists throughout the country to co-operate in the movement.

MANAGER BIDWELL, of the New Orleans Academy of Music, is in the city; being a liberal man, he will no doubt bid well for the best talent for the coming season.

Dramatic.

DIED.—We have this week to chronicle the death of Mrs. J. E. Breyer, who died at Fort Wayne, Ind., July 15th, aged 67 years. This lady was the widow of J. E. Breyer, a theatrical manager well known in the north of England and Scotland. Her maiden name was Eliza Walsh, born of parents in the profession she adopted, and niece of Chas. Edwards, a manager in North Wales and neighboring counties of England, at the beginning of this century! Miss Valsh made her first appearance on the stage in her uncle's company, where her "country boys" and "old women" were much applauded as natural and spirited delineations. In 1822 she was married at Oswestry, in the county of Salop, to J. E. Breyer, a member of the company. The young couple then moved towards the north, playing in various cities with Edmund Kean and other stars at that time. In 1824 they performed at the old Queen-street Theatre Royal, Glasgow, under the management of "Seymour," Mr. B. playing the "heavy business," and his lady the "old women." At the close of the season, Mr. Breyer raised a company himself, visited the cities of Kilmarnock, Ayr, Sterling, Dundee, &c, and there continued in management upwards of thirty years, in short, until he died in 1855, leaving a widow and six children. The oldest son, J. F. Breyer, then assumed the management, and paid a very remunerative visit to each of the cities in their circuit. In 1857 the family came to the United States, performed at Saratoga, Utica, and other cities of central New York, and Ohio. In 1862 they closed a successful season at Lansing, the State capital of Michigan, and left the stage for a while to improve their property in that neighborhood and enjoy the profits of their past professional exertions. A couple of weeks ago the old lady made a visit to Fort Wayne, where she died, and was buried in Lindenwood Cemetery, where a monument is about to be raised to her memory..... We understand that Mr. J. F. Breyer and Miss M. A. Breyer are engaged for the New Theatre, Cairo, and that W. V. Breyer is now performing at McVicker's, Chicago.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS of all sorts, dramatic, minstrel, circus, music hall, etc., are dished up in the following letter from our correspondent "Eureka:"

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25, '64.

FRIEND FRANK:—Theatricals here are very dull—not that we have no variety, for there is plenty of that, but very little patronage; some allowance must be made, however, for the effect of the high war tariff, which we all feel, and also the fact of its being summer, the worst season of the year.

Maguire's Opera House.—Caroline Richings has appeared in two spectacles and three Italian operas, but I am sorry—nay, ashamed to tell you—that thus far she has failed to draw even moderately good houses. Maguire, in this instance, has done his best to present an entertainment worthy of patronage, but the public don't appear to see it, and he will no doubt drop more than he made by Monken. To-night Maguire changes his base of operations, placing the Richings Troupe in the new Academy of Music, the Minstrels at the Eureka, and Charles Wheatleigh, with the dramatic company, take possession of the Opera House, but with what success I am afraid to predict. Wheatleigh's opening piece is "A Bull in a China Shop."

The Metropolitan Theatre continues open, with a very strong joint stock company, including Julia Dean Hayne, Annette Ince, Emily Jordan, J. H. Taylor, Frank Lawler, W. M. Leman, and many other professionals of good repute. They produce to-night Bouicault's drama of the "Pope of Rome." Report says that Sherry Corbyn, well known as a theatrical and melodeon manager, is in negotiation for this fine theatre, and will probably open it with some good star from the east. I am not positive on this point, as I only find it as street gossip; but one thing is certain, he is nearer capable of conducting this house with success than any other man.

Bert's New Idea.—This establishment appears to be the only house in town that does not complain of hard times; here the company are greeted nightly with crowded houses. I met Bert yesterday, and he tells me that he has engaged through his agent, James Conner, A. J. Talbot and Emma Miles, whom he expects to arrive in about two weeks; also McAndrews and Winship, end men, who will follow the first two about ten days. Bert has enterprise and pluck, and deserves success; he, unlike most men in this business, is not afraid to give his money a chance. Tommy Peel is the last card added to the star company at this house.

Bella Union continues about the same as usual; no material change occur here.

Quite a Sensation was created among our theatrical managers on last Sunday. "The Young Men's Christian Association," through some of their emisaries, raked up a law that was passed about nine years ago, making it an offence to carry on any theatre, or other place of "noisy or barbarous amusement," on Sunday, on the strength of which all our managers were arrested and put under bonds to appear, which they did on last Tuesday, when the judge (Sheppard by name) dismissed the cases, giving as his decision that the works of Shakespeare, Milton, &c., were not in his estimation "noisy or barbarous." Thus ends this Sunday hubbub, for a time at least. The "peep" talk of getting up a monster serenade to the judge, in honor of his righteous judgment.

Paul Julien, the great violinist, has appeared at two grand day concerts; on both occasions, Platt's Hall has been crowded to excess; in fact, it would be very unfashionable not to have attended these concerts.

Wilson's Zoyara Circus is doing an immense business in the interior.

Frank Mayo is playing a "star" engagement in Virginia City, to empty benches; he talks of going to New York shortly; he will make an excellent heavy man at one of the Bowery theatres.

Harry Courtaine has gone to Virginia; he is engaged for three months at Sutliff's Melodeon.

Rumor has been very busy of late with Joe Murphy's name, and to-day I find that he is charged with the grave crime of perjury, in swearing that he was destitute and without means of support, while at the very time he was receiving an enormous weekly salary. If this is proved, Joe will be likely to take a trip across the Bay for the benefit of his health. I wonder if his host at San Quintin will allow him to take his gun and dog? Joe is an inveterate hunter; when all other game fails, he takes naturally to salmon.

We are promised Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean, by Mr. Maguire, in next August; but I fear they will not be a profitable investment, as they, too, lack the great California requisite—youth and beauty. They come with George Coppin, the great Australian manager, who promises all sorts of things, if this country agrees with his constitution *financially*.

MESSRS. L. K. CHESTER AND O. B. DOUD were tendered a benefit on the 22d inst, at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. A host of volunteers offered, among whom were Com. Foote and Col. Small, the dwarfs; Messrs. Bishop, Sheldon, George Charles, La Belle Emile, the Foster Brothers, Julia Melville, Kate Harrison and Fanny Browning.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cario, Ill., opened on the 11th inst., with the following company:—Frank Frayne, leading heavies; J. F. Noyes, leading juveniles; D. B. Vanderen, 1st old man; T. R. Hann, character bus; W. Davis, heavies; H. B. Hudson, 1st walking gents; S. Rucker, juveniles; B. Smith, W. Corrigan, Harry Collins, R. E. Frayne, utility; Joe Mason, 1st low comedy; Sol. Smith, 2d comedy; Mrs. D. B. Vanderen, leading lady; Mrs. J. F. Noyes, leading chambermaids; Miss Douglass, 1st old woman; Miss Breyer, walking lady; Mrs. Rucker, Mrs Morrison, Miss Ross, Mrs. Beutly, utility. Business only fair at last advices.

MILTON W. LEFFINGWELL, the versatile actor, and his lady, wish to secure engagements for the forthcoming season; the former for leading business and the latter for first singing and walking ladies. For Mr. Leffingwell's address, see his advertisement in another column.

AN attempt was made to destroy the American Theatre, San Francisco, on the 16th of June, which luckily was frustrated by the watchfulness of some of the employees in the building. The performance for the evening was over, and the audience dismissed, when the watchman making his rounds to see that all the lights were out, and everything safe, became aware of a peculiar smell. He summoned Manager Ward to the stage, who, turning his eyes toward the first gallery, saw by the expiring gaslight, a thin thread of vapor rising from one of the benches. The man was immediately dispatched to examine. What he found there was convincing proof of a well concocted plan to destroy the building. The damask on one of the back seats had been cut for some length, and the straw and other inflammable material with which the cushion was stuffed, gathered into a heap. Into this a quantity of explosive material had been placed and a long fuse inserted, which was rapidly consuming at the time of discovery. The material concealed in the heap of straw, on being tested, proved to be similar to the "red fire" in almost nightly use at our theatres. It is a pity the incendiary scoundrels concerned in this attempt could not be discovered and fittingly punished.

THE SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., authorities lately made an attempt to prevent Sunday evening performances at the theatres. Chief Burke, of the police, notified the managers of the various theatres on Saturday, June 17, that if a performance was given the next day, arrests would follow. Sunday night came, and performances were given at all the theatres and concert halls. The following day, Thomas Maguire, E. G. Bert, Samuel Tetlow, W. B. Hamilton, and W. H. Smith were arrested and charged with a misdemeanor, or, in other words, with giving theatrical performances on Sunday. The counsel for the defendants stated that he would request a continuance of the case for a few days, in order to come to a conclusion as to whether he would make a demurrer or not. A similar attempt was made to close the houses several years ago, but the attempt failed; and up to some months since, when the Sacramento municipal authorities arrested and fined McKean Buchanan and his troupe for performing on Sunday evening, the law was considered inoperative.

THE RICHINGS' continued the attractions at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, at last advices. "Satanella" was produced June 18th, and went off well. "Il Trovatore" was also produced, but it said that Miss Richings' "Leonora" was the only redeeming feature in the performance. The Bianchis were evidently out of voice and spirits, while the choristers were as inharmonious as a crowd of chattering Chinamen. They butchered the famous "Anvil Chorus" outright, and were pretty soundly hissed for their grievous sin. So palpably indifferent were most of the performers, both great and small, that some of the more observing of the audience construed it into a conspiracy to destroy the young prima donna.

THE COMBINATION TROUPE at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, has met with but poor success. On the 15th of June, "Romeo and Juliet" was performed, with Julia Dean Hayne as Romeo, and Annetta Ince as Juliet. The Romeo of Mrs. Hayne is highly spoken of by the press of that city. She had given, it is said, good study to the part, looked the handsome lover, and played it with manly spirit, passionate gallantry, and artistic grace. The company engaged at this house is by general consent voted the best ever assembled there, and yet the attendance is said to be so meagre as to be disheartening. Business is very dull in that city just now, and the non-attendance may be attributed to a scarcity of the circulating medium—or, it may be, that the public, with singular perversity of taste, prefer something newer than the good old Shakespearian drama.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH, who had arrived in San Francisco, was announced for an early appearance at Maguire's Opera House, making his *re-entree* in the comedy entiled "A Bull in a China Shop." On the commencement of his engagement, the Richings' go over to the Academy of Music for three nights a week.

GEORGE LAD'ELLES, comedian and character actor, late of the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, advertises in this week's issue for engagements for the forthcoming season.

THE DEATH of Mr. Wm. B. English, dramatist and manager, was noticed in our last. We stated, as we were then informed, that he died at Boston, but we now learn that his demise took place at Stratford, C. W., on Friday, July 15th, at the age of 52. After a connection with the press of Boston for some years, he turned his attention to theatricals, and became the dramatic writer for the National Theatre, where many of his sensation dramas were first produced, several of which were well-received. In 1845 he leased the property on Court street, Boston, afterwards known as the Adelphi Theatre, and introduced to the Bostonians one of the best Vaudeville companies ever seen in that city, some of the members being from Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, New York. In 1850 he took the Howard Athenæum for a term of two years, and introduced to the Boston public, for the first time, Miss Mary Taylor. He also played with John Brougham and Charlotte Cushman. From the Howard Mr. English went to the National, and continued the manager of that establishment up to the time of its destruction by fire. It was at this theatre that Lucille and Helen Western made their first appearance in Boston, in the protean farce written by Mr. English, called the "Three Fast Men." The play was very successful, enjoying an uninterrupted run of forty-two successive weeks. The sisters played the two principal characters, and in the minstrel scene appeared on the end as Bones and Tambo. Shortly after the destruction of the National, Mr. English organized a variety troupe, called the Troupe St. Denis, with which he visited many of the principal towns and cities in the country. Mr. English was taken sick in Cincinnati, but had apparently recovered, when he was seized by a violent attack of dysentery, and died as stated above, after an illness of two days.

MR. MCKEAN BUCHANAN, and his daughter Virginia, commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Indianapolis, Ind, Theatre, on the 18th inst, and were well received. The following notice of these artists we clip from the *Sentinel* of that city: "THE NEW ARRIVALS' WELCOME.—Mr. McKean Buchanan, one of the most accomplished of American scholars and actors, and his charming daughter, Miss Virginia Buchanan, made their first appearance last evening at the theatre. They were welcomed by a fine audience, composed of many of our first citizens. Mr. McKean Buchanan was formerly a New Orleans merchant, and one of the leading citizens of the Crescent City. No people occupy better positions in social circles than Mr. and Miss Buchanan, and their fine abilities as performers entitle them to the most cordial patronage. They made a great impression last night in London Assurance, and will never fail to delight all lovers of really good acting. To-night the great play of "*The Robbers*."

THE HOLMAN TROUPE commenced a six nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 20th inst.

MR. M. V. LINGHAM, a leading Western actor, has taken the Athenæum, Detroit, for a brief season, and will open at the expiration of Mr. Hough's management. Mr. Lingham intends producing several novelties, and will be supported by Mrs. Augusta Page.

A GOOD DRAMATIC COMPANY is advertised for in another column for the Evansville and Terre Haute Theatres for the forthcoming season, commencing about the 5th of September. Let those interested make early application.

'ALADDIN" will inaugurate the re-opening of the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, July 27th. Efforts have been made to produce the spectacle in good style. The following is the cast:—

Miss Effie Germon	as	Aladdin
Miss Lizzie Price	as	Princess Budrulabour
Mr. James F. Sherry	as	The Magician Abenazze
Mr H. F. Stone	as	The Dumb Slave Kazrac
M'lle Therese Wood	as	Zobyad
Mrs. S. A. Baker	as	Widow Mustapha
Mr. C. S. Porter	as	The Grand Cham Tahi Tangluck
Mr. J. Boyd	as	Prince Assac
Mr. G. W. Mitchell	as	The Grand Vizier
Mr. G. W. Johnson	as	Loo-Too-Choo
Mr. James Matthews	as	Ki-a-Han
Mr. James Wilson	as	The Genius Orlock
Mr. William Anderson	as	The Geni of the Lamp
Little Katie Baker	as	The Geni of the Ring
Miss Laura Verney	as	Amrou
Miss Julia Porter	as	Zemora

GRAU intends, we believe, to run two opera companies during the next season; one at the Tacon Theatre, Havana; the other in the western cities of the United States. He has also made overtures to Gazzaniga to return to this country, which, it is reported, have been accepted. This is a good move on the part of Grau; but his attempt to "tool" two such refractory teams as opera companies usually prove to be, and on two courses so wide apart, will result in upsetting the manager's vehicle if he don't look out and keep a tight rein.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is performing at Quebec, C. E., under the management of Lewis Baker and Mark Smith. Last week, the "School for Scandal" and several other old English comedies were performed. This week they are doing sensation pieces.

THE WEBB SISTERS commence a three weeks' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., under Buckland's management, on the 1st of August. They go thence to Nashville with Manager Allen.

MISS MARY MILLER, a lady connected with the Walnut Street Theatre Company, Philadelphia, two seasons ago, but who was the leading lady at Alexandria, Va., last season, was married last week, in Philadelphia, to Mr. Lenny, Treasurer of the Alexandria Theatre.

"OCEANA," the equestrian actress, offers for sale, through our columns this week, the manuscript and parts of the following plays: "The Female Spy," "The Red Right Hand," "Winona's Leap," "Yelva and her Flying Steed;" also, the protean plays of "Woman's Wit, or Saving a Lover," and the "Four Nations." This lady will dispose of these at a very moderate figure. Parties wishing to purchase, will find the lady's advertisement in another column.

MISS MADELAINE HENRIQUES was the star last week at the Theatre Royal, Montreal.

"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" was announced to be produced on the 25th inst., at the Theatre Royal, Montreal.

THE FRENCH COMPANY from New York was performing at Guilbault's Garden, Montreal, last week.

THE BUTLER COMBINATION TROUPE are meeting with success at the Boston Museum. The pantomime of "Old Granny Grumpy" was on the bills last week, and it is said afforded considerable enjoyment to the patrons of the establishment. It is continued this week. The *ballet* performances of the troupe constitute a pleasing feature of the programme, as do the comic delineations, songs, &c.

THE TREMONT THEATRE, Boston, was announced to be reopened on the 25th inst., for a short summer season, under the management of Messrs. H. G. Clarke and

(the latter gentleman being her uncle), and was well known in the equestrian business. A few days before she died Mr. Nixon was with her, and being asked if she knew him, she replied yes; she also organ him as well as others who had embittered her Mrs. Nixon had been a sufferer for many years past few years. of the side, which would come on at stated intervals; this, co with domestic troubles, hastened her death. In the dem rnful respect. It is indeed difficult to realize the bute of n that this truly amiable and exemplary lady is now so solemn f bered among the silent dead. She, who in life was so early nu winning all hearts by her genial qualities, alas! at cheerf sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." We can but length sincere condolence of friendship to those young hearts offer kind, and mingle our sympathies with those who, "bruised left smitten," now mourn, but yet may be comforted. Our desire is simply to add a single flower to the beauteous chaplet that Lady crowns her memory. A more devoted wife or affectionate mother, a truer or kinder friend never cheered the home circle. Silently she suffered, and without a murmur she struggled hard to bear up under her bereavement. Alas! her burden was more than she could bear; her tender heart broke beneath the weight of affliction, and God in his infinite mercy gave her rest in death. The remains were brought to this city and interred in Greenwood Cemetery on the 22d inst. Miss Frank Nixon will be cared for by Mrs. Ellingham, sister of Mrs. Nixon; the other children, we are informed, have been taken by Mr. Nixon.

Music Halls.

TWO MAZEPPAS IN THE FIELD.—Manager Bert, of the New Idea, San Francisco, undaunted by the amount of competition in the field, has been playing two Mazeppas—the contest being decided by a "terrific sword combat" between the rival heroines of equestrian renown, Jenny Lamont and Fanny Hanks. All the acting force of the company appear in the Tartaric burlesque. The company engaged at this establishment at present consists of Julia Morgan, Tommy Peel, Herr Essen, C. Nickerson, J. L. and N. M. Hinckley, Ben Cotton, W. C. Morgan, Master Frank, Otto Burbank, Johnny De Angelis, Wm. Bernard, Billy Sheppard, Jennie Lamont, Maggie Brewer, Fanny Hanks, H. H. Gardner, C. F. Shattuck, Lizzie Smith, J. Kendall, John Woodard, Ada De Vere and Harry Williams.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, the spectacle of "The Fairy Gift, or, the Enchanted Grottoes of Elfland," continues to attract good houses. It is said that great care has been paid in putting the piece on the stage. It is an enticement to the eye, and sets one longing for Fairy Land. The benefit of Bob Bishop was announced for the 22d inst.

SIGNOR MONTEVERDE, the contortionist, is now doing Uncle Sam good service, having joined a regiment of one hundred days men that was organised in Cleveland, and which is now located at Fort Totten, Washington, D. C. The contortionist will instruct his men how to turn the rebels inside out, and how to go through them, should they again capture Washington, as the Richmond papers imagined they had done.

HO! FOR NEW ORLEANS.—The General-in-Chief of the Music Hall forces, Mr. Geo Lee, will, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, organize a company for the purpose of giving the people of New Orleans something great in that line of business. He will also occupy and possess first class establishments in Havana, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, etc., with sections of his talented corps of artists. He is now on the look out for first class artists in the various branches of music hall performances, and one hundred young ladies for the ballet. See his card in another column.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, after a long and prosperous season, will close for a short time on the 30th inst., when the hall will be re-painted, papered, and renovated. It will re-open on the 22d. of August with a strong company and many novelties.

THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, is doing an immense "biz" now with the Whiting Sisters. Lew Simmons, &c. "How to Avoid the Draft," has been produced.

A CHANCE for the girls to appear in ballet and chorus is offered in an advertisement in this issue by "Leonard." See what he says therein.

SAM RAINFORTH, the pantomimist and ballet master, etc., advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for engagements. See his card in another column.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. DONALDSON, the tight rope artist, is looking for some man of means, to enable him to bring out a new tight rope feat of a dangerous character. See his advertisement elsewhere.

EDWARD BUECHEL, a distinguished performer on the violoncello, and said to be one of the finest musicians in San Francisco, died in that city on Sunday, June 12th. His remains were followed to Lone Mountain by a large procession of his friends and fellow-professionals. The leading musicians of the city acted as pall bearers. A Funeral March by Beethoven, and an original composition entitled "Lone Mountain," composed by the deceased, were performed by a band of nearly one hundred musicians as the funeral *cortege* passed through the principal streets.

MONS. FARINI, the well known rope walker, is at present at Niagara Falls preparing for a herculean task. He proposes crossing the rapids at the American side on *teel stilts!* The spot where he intends crossing is about ten feet deep, and the current, it is said, runs at the rate of 25 miles an hour. To accomplish such a feat requires considerable nerve, and if he succeeds in crossing safely he will have accomplished one of the most daring feats ever attempted in this country. Mons. Farini is the gentleman who crossed the Niagara on the tight rope in opposition to Mons. Blondin.

OSSIAN E. DODGE'S old New England friends now residing in California and Oregon, do not seem to have forgotten him, for they have filled his houses and given him a warm welcome wherever he has appeared. Dodge & Hayward's concerts seem to please our Pacific friends hugely.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward have been meeting with flattering success in Oregon. June 15th they were in Portland, and had the Williamette Theatre crowded to its utmost capacity. Tickets one dollar to all parts of the house. June 16th they were at Fort Vancouver, Washington Ter., and had a crowded house. They were at Hillstoro, Oregon, on June 17th, and Forrest Grove June 18th.

MISS GEORDIE DEAN SPAULDING, who has been singing at Gilmore's Concerts, at the Boston Theatre, is spoken of favorably by the papers of that city. Major Pauline Cushman has also been engaged for these concerts.

A STEREOPTICON, almost new, with one hundred and thirty views, and all the necessary appliances for immediate exhibition, is advertised for sale by Earl Howard at much less than cost, in this issue of the CLIPPER.

A GOOD chance offers for engaging the services of a competent violoncello performer. See advertisement.

THE Rainforth Family performed in Paterson, N. J., on the 18th and 19th inst., but they were not very liberally patronised

LA RUE'S Panopticon of the War was announced to close its stay at Montreal on the 23d inst.

WIGGINS & CO'S Great Railroad Show was at Montpelier, Vt., on the 20th. It is a gymnastic show, from Boston. They were at Northfield on the 21st.

DO YOU want theatrical wigs, or anything else in that line? If you do, go straightway to Paul De Spotte's establishment, No. 15 West Houston street, New York.

THE Carter Zouave Troupe closed at Albany on the 23d inst., and were announced to open in Utica, New York, on the 25th, for two nights, thence to Rome for two nights.

POSTERS, streamers, programmes, and everything pertaining to wall-literature, can be procured at the Courier Printing House, Buffalo. With all full supplies of this sort of material, the shrewdest manager with a first-class company or show would come to grief. A neglected printer is equivalent to a ruined manager; so don't fail to give the above establishment a call when traveling that way.

Amateur.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHARITABLE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of San Francisco announced their first performance at the Eureka Theatre, June 23d, in aid of the Jewish Widows and Orphans.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MR. J. C. MYERS, the American clown, has opened a building at Hanley, Staffordshire, Eng., for circus performances. The initial performance took place July 1st. Mrs. Myers (well known in this country as Rose Madigan), the popular equestrienne, made her only appearance on that occasion.

THOMAS WOOLLIDGE, an English vocalist, died at King's College Hospital, London, Eng., July 2d, aged fifty-six. He had been an inmate of that institution for some time, having suffered from a disease of the liver, which ultimately proved fatal. Mr. Woolridge was for many years a chorister at the principal London theatres, last at the Adelphi. As a ballad singer he was a special favorite at Evans', at the Grecian, and at other west end concert rooms and minor theatres.

Mr. W. H. ENGLAND, a provincial actor, died at Cherley, Lancashire, Eng., July 4th, in his twenty-seventh year.

THE FIRST meeting of the creditors of M. Louis Jullien took place July 6th. The total amount of M. Jullien's debt is £1,432. 8s, 1d. The bankrupt has no estate or effects of any kind.

Mr. JOHN MARKS JOLLY, the composer, died in London, Eng., July 1st, at the advanced age of seventy-four. Mr. Jolly has been connected with the musical profession nearly sixty years. In his earlier career, when traveling the country with Edmund Kean and Sheridan Knowles, Mr. Jolly was accustomed to make himself useful on the stage as well as in the orchestra, and at a very early age he conducted the band in a provincial theatre. For twenty years he led the orchestra at the Surrey Theatre, during the successive managements of Messrs. Elliston, Osbaldiston, Davidge and Shepherd. Latterly he had been engaged at the Oxford Music Hall, where the selections were arranged by him.

A NUMBER of the defeated pirates of the Alabama recently visited Weston's Music Hall, London, where there was quite an ovation in their honor ?). Speeches were made, and much cheers ventilated. It was quite natural, we presume, seeing that the pirates were of British manufacture, and of "excellent" training.

ANOTHER musical prodigy has appeared in Europe—a Portuguese boy named Ferreira, who plays upon his hands, using no instrument whatever. He does not whistle, but flute-like notes are produced on the left hand, he playing upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V—two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening, so that the tips of the fingers come near the eyes. The thumb of the right hand is placed on the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems, in the air, but they affect every note. He produces two octaves and a half; his *fortissimo* is tremulously powerful, and his *pianissimo* faint as the distant warbling of the lark.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.
Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
LAST WEEK of the engagement of
ENGLISH OPERA.
CROWDED HOUSES.
BRILLIANT AUDIENCES.
RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.
EVERY GEM OF THE OPERA ENCORED.
MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS, July 25 and 26,
TWO LAST REPRESENTATIONS.
BOHEMIAN GIRL.
MADAME COMTE BORCHARD,
MR. WILLIAM CASTLE, MR. S. C. CAMPBELL,
A SUPERIOR COMPANY AND CHORUS.
Conductor.....Mr. Anthony Reiff.
During the piece, PAS SEUL by MISS KRUGER.
Wednesday Evening, July 27,
THE ROSE OF CASTILE.
will be produced for the first time in America, in which the celebrated actor,
MR. W. H. LEAK,
will make his first appearance.
Doors open at 7½. Opera commences at 8.
Seats secured three days in advance. 16

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HALL IN THE CITY.
First appearance here of the Celebrated Comedian,
S. S. PURDY.
MONDAY, JULY 25th,
And every evening during the week
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
IN THEIR INIMITABLE ENTERTAINMENT,
JOLLY NIGGER AMOS, MISSISSIPPI FLING,
DEAR MOTHER I'VE COME HOME TO EAT,
HAMLET,
GOBBLE FAMILY, THE ROAD TO RICHMOND, &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 16

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.
MANAGER.....GEO. WOOD
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,
of the young and accomplished Actress,
MISS HELEN WESTERN,
Who has been received nightly by
CROWDED AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES,
with the utmost enthusiasm.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 25,
Will be presented the Romantic Drama, in three acts, of
DON CESAR DE BAZAN.
Don Cæsar.....MISS HELEN WESTERN.
To conclude with the laughable Burletta of
JENNY LIND.
Jenny Lind, with songs..... MISS HELEN WESTERN.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock. 16

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Commences at 7¾; concludes at 10:30.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
THIRD WEEK.
Continued flattering reception, by brilliant and crowded audiences, of the Distinguished Artiste,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
who will appear as Louise de Lascours and Ogarita, in the Grand Spectacular Romance, entitled
THE SEA OF ICE,
which has met with the Greatest Success, warranting its repetition every evening till further notice.
Messrs. L. R. SHEWELL, C. PETERS, J. F. HAGAN, B. T. RINGGOLD, J. W. BLAISDELL, J. SEYMOUR, E. B. HOLMES.
Miss MARY WELLS, Mrs. SKERRETT, &c., in the principal characters.
APPROPRIATE SCENERY, COSTUMES and APPOINTMENTS,
The original music composed by P. J. Cooke, under the direction of Harvey B. Dodworth.
Seats secured six days in advance. 16

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING,
The popular young actor,
MR. J. B. HOWE,
will appear for the first time in America in his own drama of
GEORGE BARRINGTON,
THE GENTLE HIGHWAYMAN.
Mr. J. B. Howe..... as .....George Barrington.
Mrs. W. G. Jones, George Brookes, W. Marden, Mr. G. Lingard, Miss Kittie Fytle, W. Glassford.
First appearance of
MR. CHARLES E. COLLINS,
the celebrated Cure and Clog Dancer.
First night of the
ORPHAN OF PARIS,
with
YOUNG AMERICA. 16

IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS.
COURIER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
176 AND 178 WASHINGTON STREET,
BUFFALO.
DESIGNING! ENGRAVING! AND PRINTING!
The Proprietors of this Establishment respectfully call the attention of Managers and Agents to the fact that they are now prepared with improved facilities to fill orders for
PLAIN OR ILLUMINATED PRINTING
of all kinds, such as
POSTERS, STREAMERS, PROGRAMMES, CUTS, TABLETS, OVALS, &c., &c., &c.,
in the very best style, promptly, and at fair prices.
Our stock of Type, Cuts, Borders, Ornaments, Emblems, &c., is very large and of the latest style. In addition to which we have a Corps of first class Artists continually employed engraving new designs of every description.
SEVERAL NEW NOVELTIES FOR MINSTREL COMPANIES, in the way of Cuts for Posters, &c.
Also, New Novelties for
CONCERT AND VARIETY TROUPES.
PARTIES OWNING CUTS OR DESIGNS,
will consult their interest by obtaining our estimates for furnishing their work. We have facilities for printing any size sheet, from the mastodon (38 by 56 inches), to the smallest, in any number of colors, in the very best manner.
Estimates for any kind of Printing always cheerfully given.
All orders by mail, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
Address JOSEPH WARREN & CO.,
Courier Steam Printing House,
178 Washington St., Buffalo.
TERMS, CASH. 16-tf

CARD TO PERFORMERS.
LEA'S COMBINATION TROUPE
having concluded a successful engagement in New Orleans, have returned to their various homes. MR. LEA begs to apprize all artists that he will again visit New Orleans during the Fall and Winter Season, and is now ready to negotiate with Performers of talent for either of the following places: New Orleans, Havana, Washington, Alexandria, Baltimore and Philadelphia. As
LEA'S COMBINATION TROUPE
were considered the
BEST COMPANY
that ever visited New Orleans, and made considerable MONEY and REPUTATION for themselves, several MOUNTEBANKS, DISCHARGED STAGE MANAGERS, and others are concocting schemes to engage performers on their own hook, at the same time informing artists that LEA'S COMBINATION will not go to New Orleans next Season. DON'T BELIEVE IT. GEORGE LEA WILL GO, and with him take a company that will astonish the citizens of New Orleans, and also cast into shade
ALL OPPOSITION.
Performers can make engagements now, or at any time, up to September 15th. Contracts made for three, six, nine, or twelve months. Fare to either of the above mentioned places paid to and from New York. Also
BIGGER SALARIES
THAN ANY OTHER MANAGER.
One, two, three, or four weeks salary paid in advance, if required, or paid in gold. Address all communications to
GEORGE LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C.
ONE HUNDRED YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET WANTED immediately. Address as above. 16-tf

BALLET AND CHORUS GIRLS wanted for a New TROUPE. Must be Pretty and well formed. Address, stating abilities, and if possible, enclosing Photograph.
16-1t* "LEONARD," Box 26-8, Philadelphia P. O.

MUSIC.---A good Violoncello performer wishes to travel with a Company. Terms moderate, for a sure engagement. Address, or call on H. W. WALSH, 499 Broome street,
16-1t* or JAS. CONNER & Co., No. 25 West Houston st., N. Y.

EVANSVILLE and
TERRE HAUTE THEATRES, INDIANA.
WANTED for the Fall and Winter Seasons,
Commencing about SEPT. 5th,
A GOOD DRAMATIC COMPANY.
None but First Class Artists need apply, to whom good Salaries will be paid.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Will please address "MANAGER," Box 1095, P. O.,
16-2t* Louisville, Kentucky.

TO LET.---Broadway Academy of Music, late Hope Chapel, for LECTURES, CONCERTS, and PUBLIC MEETings, by the day, week, or night. Enquire at
16-1t No. 2 Great Jones street.

TO OPERA AND MINSTREL TROUPES.---A TENOR and BALLAD SINGER, with a good voice and knowledge of Music, is open for an engagement with responsible Managers. Address, stating salary, &c., E. K. LEWIS, Baltimore, Md. 16-2t*

TO MANAGERS.---George Lascelles, Comedian and "CHARACTER ACTOR," late of Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is prepared to engage for next season. Address
16-4t* GEORGE LASCELLES, Post Office, Boston, Mass.

MEMBERS OF THE EQUESTRIAN, DRAMATIC, or MUSIC HALL professions, wishing to purchase anything in this city, can do so by addressing JOHN BECKLEY, Box 3947, and he will purchase either Tights, Stockings, Dancing Clogs, Play Books, or anything belonging to the profession. 16-1t*

PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker.
THE ONLY GENUINE IN AMERICA.
No other but THEATRICAL WIGS manufactured.
16-1t* 15 West Houston street, New York.

SAM RAINFORTH.--Sam Rainforth, the great Pantomimist, Ballet Master, Fancy Dancer, and Low Comedian, having just concluded a very fine engagement with Davis & McLear's Hippotheatron, also from Hooley's Opera House, and Barnum's Museum, N. Y., is open for engagements. Address
16-2t* SAM RAINFORTH, CLIPPER OFFICE.

HUNDRED-HOUR FEAT.—A pedestrian named John Turner has been matched to do the hundred-hour feat, that is, walk one hundred miles in one hundred consecutive hours, to start on each mile at the beginning of each hour. The match is for $100 a side, $5 a side of which amount is now in our hands. The feat will take place in the new room, 50 feet long, at Joe Fletcher's, East Brooklyn Shades, in Myrtle avenue, between Walworth and Spencer streets. The pedestrian is to start on his walk at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, August 8th, and close at 2, P. M., on Friday, August 12th.

THE RING.

JOE COBURN, JOE COBURN,
CHAMPION OF AMERICA.
A Splendid FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF JOE COBURN, in attitude, engraved from an Imperial Photograph, sent by express, carefully put up, to any part of the United States on receipt of price; which is One Dollar for plain, and $1 50 for colored,
Size, 19x25 inches. A liberal discount to the trade.
NED JAMES, CLIPPER office, is AGENT for the sale of them.
Address CLAY & COSACK,
15-4t* Engravers and Publishers, Buffalo, N. Y.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUFFEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.
Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "
Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf
N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 3-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 14-3m

THE "STAR OF THE WEST."
202 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
100 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR & M. STANTON, Proprietors.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
7-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 6-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

STENT'S NEW YORK HOTEL,
NO. 7 ROE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
Facing the entrance of St. John's Market.
The Proprietor respectfully informs his American friends that he has removed from the Talbot Hotel to the above named premises, where they will always find him on deck to give the tip on all Sporting Events, past, present and future. The New York CLIPPER, with all the American and English Sporting papers kept always on file. 8-3m* JAMES STENT.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

Boxing Gloves. Boxing Gloves. Boxing Gloves.
THE CELEBRATED NEW "GAME COCK STYLE."
Finest Skin. Softest Hair. Strongest Seams. Stylish Cut.
USED BY COBURN AND HEENAN. A SET OF FOUR $5.
Sent by express on receipt of $5 (and freight also, if sent to the army or navy). Sent by mail for $2 extra.
KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY,
Mount Vernon street,
15-2t* Box 1190, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boxing Illustrated and Explained.--With Heenan and Sayers' Fighting Positions. Sent by mail for 15 cents.
KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY,
Mount Vernon street,
15-2t* Box 1190, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fulton Ale Vaults,
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
BY ED. LOWERY.
Ed. will be happy to see his friends at his new Hotel, where the choicest Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are kept constantly on hand; with a fine Concert every Wednesday Evening. How's your nose? 16-3t*

SPANKING MILL IN WEEHAWKEN
BETWEEN
HEN DUFFEY AND JOHNNY DRUMGOOLE.
ANOTHER of those impromptu, and therefore clever, little mills came off on the morning of the 26th inst., between Hen Duffey and Johnny Drumgoole, both hailing from the 22d Ward, and frequenters of that great sporting resort on 9th Avenue and 41st street, kept by McIntyre and Reynolds. Drumgoole is the young fellow who beat Stookey in Richmond, Va., three or four years ago, and was matched with Barney Aaron, but that fell through. Duffey has had several turns up for fun; one with Johnny Murphy, *alias* Bill Hayes. The origin of the difficulty grew out of a dirty remark made by Drum, and they had a clinch, but were separated. Duffey then proposed that they should go to Weehawken, and as Drum was willing, they took the first boat, in company with a few select friends. Making the best of their way towards the Palisade Park, they soon settled preliminaries by stripping to the buff and choosing their seconds—Billy Aiken acting for Drum, and Barty Brennan for Duffey. The facetious proprietor of the Hotel de Irish, Billy Donohue, marked off the ground, and in the absence of ropes and stakes, the spectators formed a ring. At the outset very few knew of it, but as the fight progressed, the crowd kept increasing in numbers until some 400 people were in attendance. Time-keepers were chosen, but no referee, although De Irish claims that as he bet on both, he was the referee. The lads were about evenly matched in height, but Drum was the heaviest, and had a heap of superfluous meat on his bones. Altogether, they fought 84 rounds, in 2 h. 10 min., of as game and determined a description as though thousands of dollars were dependant on the result, whereas they were merely fighting to settle a grudge, until, at the expiration of that time, mutual friends interfered, and it ended in a draw. Drum got first blood in the first round. Duffey first knock down and first fall. It was one of the prettiest fights witnessed in those parts. Drum was the worst punished, having both eyes in mourning, a cut lip, and a swollen duke. Duffey, barring a slight discoloration of his peepers, looked but little the worse for wear.

DOONEY HARRIS AND THE COVE NOT LOOKED FOR FIGHT.—In our travels about town we hear of scores of little incidents which would never come to light but for the fact that we do travel. A couple of days ago, a big, burly, naturalized citizen entered a Houston street sporting saloon and declared his intentions to fight any man in the house, and that he wouldn't leave till he had one, at the same time producing $30 in greenbacks to make it an object. It was in vain they tried to pacify him, and selecting a fellow with a neck on him like a bull, and a complexion as sandy as the Red Man of Agar, he requested him to put up his hands. Thompson declined, but offered to sing him for the "cases," dance a clog-dance, drink ale, or swim him for the $30. To this he only pooh-poohed. Seeing Dooney Harris sitting quietly in one corner, he asked who that was, pointing to the pugilist. "That's old Mr. Smith," said Jem C. "Will you fight me?" asked the looker after fight. "You don't want to fight an old man like that?" said Harry H. "I don't care a —— who I fight," he rejoined. "Here, old fel., I'll have to accommodate you if you insist on a fight. Here, Harry, is $30 to put up against his $30. Come on up stairs, old fellow." And up stairs they went, pulled off their shirts, and stood up eager for the fray. The stranger was a big, powerful young fellow, and looked a dangerous customer for the ould 'un; but when he put up his dukes it was evident that he knew no more about science than a boiled lobster. At the very first lick, Dooney caught him a burster on the right cheek, drawing the claret and flooring him. At the second he fetched him another burster, causing the ruby to flow from the other side of his mug, and bringing him down again. When they came up for the third round, the big 'un gave in, acknowledging that he came for fight and got all he wanted, but he never expected to be licked by an old man. When he was informed that the person introduced as Mr. Smith was Dooney Harris, the celebrated English boxer and conqueror of Patsey Marley, he gave him one look, jumped into his clothes, and put as if the police were after him. To commemorate the event, Dooney opened two bottles of wine out of the stake money, and the boys had a jolly time over it. People looking for fight should be very careful who they pick at, especially when old fighters like Dooney Harris are around.

MIKE NUNAN'S BENEFIT.—We are glad to see that the pet of the Brooklyn fancy, now matched to fight Mike Dorsey for $1000, intends taking an exhibition in this city previous to going into training. It is to come off at the Stuyvesant Institute on Thursday evening, July 28, when, as there hasn't been a sparring show there for some time, and the weather promises not to be uncomfortably warm, we prognosticate for the young fellow a good house. Few deserve better to be patronized than this same Mike Nunan, for on looking back at those who have sparred at benefits the past year or two, his name will be found as often, if not oftener, than anybody's, and whenever he has put on the mittens, no matter who with the spectators have enjoyed a good treat. To make the affair doubly attractive, Billy Donnelly, the little fireman prince, will appear in the wind up with Nunan, which in itself is almost enough to fill the hall. Ben Duffey and Johnny Drumgoole, who lately fought such a rattling mill at Weehawken, will there train, will, no doubt, be there, and show on the stage. Of the other boxers we will only say, none ought to go back on Mike for what he has done for them. Between the boxing, young Lindsey, of Canada, will appear in a clog dance in regular costume; he is said to be a rattler. Altogether we expect to see a rare night's fun for fifty cents.

CON OREM AMONG THE MORMONS.—The Colorado man, it appears, when he telegraphed to Dooney Harris asking him if he wanted to fight, expected to receive a telegraphic dispatch back right away, and because he didn't the Denver papers said that Dooney had backed down. This is no such thing, as Harris answered and accepted the challenge through our columns, if he didn't by telegraph, which they will have seen long ago. Con Orem, writing from Salt Lake City on the 4th of July, says:—"I waited ten days for an answer to my dispatch, but I haven't heard from it yet, and receiving an invitation from the West, where I have a better thing than fighting, I had to leave, and I am now bound for Virginia, Idaho Territory. If Harris wishes to meet me half way for $3000 or $4000, I will accommodate him." In reply to this, Harris has nothing to say further than he said before, and that is, he will fight Orem in Detroit or Canada, according to his own proposition. When Orem sends money, then he can be on. Dooney doesn't wish to go buffalo hunting all over the world to get on a match, but he does want to fight. We shall see what answer comes to Dooney's card when Orem sees it.

$500 SENT ON FOR TURNER TO FIGHT GEOGHEGAN.—The friends of Jack Turner in Boston have bestirred themselves since our last, and where Owney put down $50, they have made it $500. Accompanying the $500 we received the following letter from Harry Jennings, by which Geoghegan can see for himself how to act:

32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON, July 22d, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN:—A week or two ago Owney Geoghegan gave an exhibition in Boston, and challenged any 132 or 134 lb man in America for $1,500 or $2,000 aside, which goes to show that he is up for too big a thing for anybody. Owney ought to be ashamed of the unjust remarks he has made in this week's CLIPPER; both himself and the sporting public of Boston know it to be false, as Turner used every endeavor to make a match for any amount at any weight. He offered to fight him for $1000 a side, or in two days for $500 or $1,000 a side. To show what we think of our Boston man, I, and some others have enclosed $500, as an earnest of our intentions to fight Owney in two weeks from signing articles on the same honorable conditions as Jim Kerrigan offered, with this exception: Turner to fight Owney at 130 or 134 lbs, to accommodate him some how or other, and if not accepted within one month, Jim Kerrigan or any other man can be on by covering the $500 down; or if this is not accepted, Turk shall fight any 25 lb dog in America for $1000; we don't mean to draw this $500 at all. Yours truly, HARRY JENNINGS.

NUNAN AND DORSEY.—Fifty dollars more a side were tallied at Phil. Clare's, Brooklyn, on the 18th inst., and a similar amount is due on Tuesday, August 2d., at Johnny Dwyer's, No. 3 East Houston street. Nunan takes an exhibition in this city on the 28th inst., when he will go into strict training at Coney Island.

HARRY STEBBINS VS. BILL BLAKE.—In publishing Stebbins challenge last week, we made a mistake, and put quoits instead of ten pins, between which there is a vast difference. However, as the party most interested understood it, it doesn't make so much difference after all.

ELLIOT LEARNING TO BE A BAKER.—The victim of the Jersey law against prize fighting, who was unfortunate enough to get "copped to rights," while returning from the Dooney Harris and Marley fight, and sent up for two years for participating in the mill with Jim Dunn last summer, near Bull's Ferry, has been placed in the baker's department, and is said to be in fine spirits, taking his gruel like a philosopher. His costume is rather gaudy, one leg being red and the other black, with a grey sort of a blouse. Several of the boys have been to see him. Jimmy is opposed to our suggestion about getting up a benefit to pay the 200 fine, as he thinks he ought to have personal friends enough to raise it among themselves.

PRIZE FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.—A fellow called the Shanghai Chicken, and another named Brock, fought a desperate battle of 75 rounds near San Francisco, the last week in June, but they were afterwards arrested, together with their seconds, and nearly all concerned.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR W. G. TAYLOR.—We regret to learn that Prof. W. Taylor, the noted teacher of sparring, and M.C. at the sporting exhibition some years ago at Boston, died recently in New Orleans, where he held a very lucrative position under Gen. Butler. The Professor was a genial fellow, rare company, and a host of friends will read of his decease with painful feelings.

GEO. BAKER'S FRIEND LEAVES $50.—At last the Baker party have showed the color of their soap, having covered Jack Leonard's $50 to make a match with Corcoran at catch weight, and the men, or their representatives, must meet at our office on Wednesday, July 28, between the hours of 12 and 2 P.M., to draw up articles.

WRESTLING MATCH.—A wrestling match took place one day last week at a well known business establishment in South street, between George Isaacs, the city official who executes the last offices of the law in the Tombs yard, and Harry Hill. Isaacs is a heavy, powerful man, famous for his wrestling abilities, but Hill threw him easily and quickly.

ANOTHER FRAUD.—A Canadian correspondent informs us that the Young Bendigo referred to in our last is a bouncing humbug of the first water, no more willing or capable of fighting Con Fitzgerald than the flaxen-haired Horace Greeley. He hopes that people will not patronize any such character.

FRANK BURNS IN LONDON.—Frank Burns, who left this city for the benefit of his health, as also to be present at the Coburn and Mace fight, is now in London, thoroughly rejuvenated and as sound as a dollar.

DOONEY HARRIS, the victorious opponent of Patsey Marley, intends taking an exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute on Thursday, August 4th, when Barney Aaron, the Star of the East, will wind up with Looney.

AUSTRALIAN BURKE, we understand, has gone to California.

HARRY COOPER, whom Dooney Harris defeated in 1851, is now located out in Virginia, Nevada Territory. He left London in '53 went for a soldier in the Crimea, and got wounded in the left leg at the battle of Inkerman. When the war was ended, his regiment came to Nova Scotia, where Cooper bought his discharge. From there he went to California and then to Nevada.

THE TURF.

THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING OF THE WEEK.
During the past week, the *habitues* of the trotting track have enjoyed a little relaxation from the uninterrupted succession of matches and races that have distinguished the summer trotting season. On the Union Course, L. I., it has been a perfectly blank week, there not having been a single race, while there were but two events set down for decision on the Fashion Course. The proprietors of the two tracks have been too busily engaged preparing for the fall campaign, to attend to minor affairs. Of the two matches on the Fashion Course, the first was on Tuesday, the 19th inst., between John Lovett's r. g. Warrior and Sam Crook's s. g. Willie, for $250, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The race did not excite any interest, and the following summary will be sufficient to show the nature of the contest. Warrior was the favorite in what little betting there was, at $100 to $30.

SUMMARY.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Match $250, half

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUKEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
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The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

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G. HUNNEMAN,	E. HASLAM,	W. EWERS,
G. PRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.

Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 12-tf

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OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
Are now on their usual
SUMMER TOUR.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS,

EPH HORN,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.

Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
6-3t LON MORRIS, Manager.

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Will be promptly attended to.
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GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.

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OPEN
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LIGHT AND POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,
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The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON will commence On
MONDAY, AUGUST 22d.
PERFORMERS OF TALENT
wishing engagements will please address as above. None but the VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION need apply. To such
GOOD SALARIES WILL BE PAID. 12

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original
FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.

18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:

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PROF. HARROLD,	T. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY,	SAMUEL A. PORTER,
W. S. SULLIVAN,	MASTER JAMES,
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DICK BERTHELON.

The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, the youthful wonders, appear each evening in their great act,
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The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays from the depot to the hotel, upon arriving in town, and each evening in front of the hall.

FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
C. W. FORREST, Treasurer. 7-tf

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
J. W. RAYNOR, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

The only person having the right to the title of "CHRISTY MINSTRELS," as decided by the Hon. Judge Davies of the Court of Appeals of New York, April 22, 1856.

Are now making an extensive tour through the States and Canadas, being their
FIRST VISIT SINCE THEIR RETURN FROM ENGLAND,
AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVEN YEARS.

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Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
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PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
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☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.

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This Large and Popular Hall, situated in the centre of the City, capable of seating 1100 persons, furnished with a commodious Stage, Scenery, Ante-Rooms, Foot-lights, &c. Easy of access. To be rented for Concerts and First Class Exhibitions on liberal terms. Address E. G. LARKIN, 262 Washington street, Boston, or J. B. THAXTER, 20½ Congress street,
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The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.

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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.

THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
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The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
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has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
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THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
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"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;

While the Entertainments consist of
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Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
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The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
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BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
From the
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THE CELEBRATED
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Has just added to her already extensive repertoire,
THREE NEW PIECES,
together with her celebrated horse
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199 and 201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
40,000 PEOPLE
Have witnessed the Performance of this
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IN FOUR WEEKS.
ELEGANT AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES,
ROARS OF LAUGHTER,
SHOUTS OF APPLAUSE,
READ THE CHALLENGE PROGRAMME
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GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,
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J. E. McDONOUGH,
Will commence his Third Engagement
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On the First of August, Producing his Novel Spectacle of
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Replete with costly Scenery, Wardrobe, and Appointments.
MR. McDONOUGH
Begs leave to announce that he has entered into an Engagement with
MISS LOTTA,
From California,
THE MOST WONDERFUL COMMEDIENNE
NOW UPON THE STAGE.
She will appear in the character of
TARTARINE,
Introducing all her varied characters.
Managers wishing to negotiate will address
16-tf 1223 North Eleventh street, Philad'a.

WANTED,
A MAN WITH MONEY,
For the purpose of introducing a New Feat.
I can drive a Horse (Donkey) and Wagon, on a Tight Rope
ACROSS NIAGARA FALLS,
or any other place.
(Dangerous places preferred.)
Some person take me up before the last of October, for then I go to Mexico. Address W. H. DONALDSON,
16-1t* Tight Rope Artist, in care of CLIPPER.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELS.
FRED. SHARPLEY,
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN,
Will be at liberty to negotiate with Managers of First Class Companies, on and after July 28th, 1864.
Business—Tamborine End, Song and Dance, and General Biz.
Communications to be addressed
16-1t* FRED. SHARPLEY, CLIPPER OFFICE.

THE AUTOCRAT OF AMUSEMENTS.
THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND
YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND,
with the addition of the celebrated
BERGER FAMILY, TWENTY-TWO IN NUMBER.

The combination of the above talented family with this already extensive troupe renders the company perfect in every respect, and unequalled and unapproachable in the whole country. Besides the many features for which this favorite troupe are so singularly celebrated, the vocal and instrumental talent of the Berger Family is the wonder and admiration of all.

The press and the public have universally conceded them to be "the best show of the day." They now doubly claim the right to that proud distinction.

They are about again to visit all the principal cities of the West, and would say to their many friends in that section, that they claim to be infinitely superior to what they were on their former visit.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, J. HENEAGE CARTER.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 16-3m

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.

This establishment will close, Saturday, July 30th, 1864. Business will be resumed
MONDAY, AUGUST 22d, 1864.
Performers of acknowledged ability wishing engagements should apply at once to CHRIS. NORRIS,
Box 930, Post Office, Philadelphia.
NOTE.—This is the only Music Hall of any account in the Quaker City, our various rivals having died a natural death, caused by ignorance and want of knowledge of the business. 16-tf

MARION W. LEFFINGWELL.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated
VERSATILE ACTOR
FOR
LEADING BUSINESS,
AND HIS WIFE FOR FIRST SINGING AND WALKING LADIES, OR SOUBRETTES,
the coming season, can address M. W. LEFFINGWELL,
16-2t* Cincinnati, Ohio.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS.
The MSS. and PARTS of THE FEMALE SPY, THE RED RIGHT HAND, WINONA'S LEAP, YELVA AND HER FLYING STEED, and the PROTEAN plays of WOMAN'S WIT, OR SAVING A LOVER, (A THREE ACT DRAMA,) and THE FOUR NATIONS, for sale, at a sacrifice. Apply to CHERRY PETRIE,
16-3t 614½ Broadway, N. Y.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
THE
FRANK BROWER
"JUBILEE,"
WEDNESDAY, AUGTST 3d, 1864.
Greatest array of talent ever presented to the New York public. All the brilliant genius of the profession have volunteered, particulars of which will be announced at an early date. 16-2t*

A FINE STEREOPTICON, used one month, with 130 Views, Staging, Canvas, &c., all complete for travelling; costing $762, will be sold for $550 cash, if applied for immediately. Address EARL HOWARD, New York city. 16-1t*

CARD TO PROFESSIONALS.---
OPEN YOUR EYES!

In reply to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Concert Hall Profession, who are daily applying to us for engagements, we would state most positively, that, until they put a stop to the newly discovered dodge of managers who make a business of getting performers from us for the purpose of
RELETTING AND EXCHANGING
them with other managers, thereby speculating on both performer and manager, neither performer or manager need apply to us hereafter. We do not care how long or how short a period we engage performers for; but at the expiration of their engagements they must be either returned to us, or the future engagement must be made through us. We are aware that certain parties don't like our style of drawing articles, as they are in the habit of persuading the performers to tear them and sign fresh articles with them, with the understanding that if the Lady or Gentleman will drop one third on their salaries, said bushwhacking manager will keep said unsophisticated performer in constant employ, by the EXCHANGE DODGE, provided he can persuade his brother manager to give him a third or a half more than he pays himself. If this hint don't take, we will station an agent in every city where the THIEVING SCHEME is most practiced, and we know exactly where they are most required.
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
16-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

J. B. ROBERTS,
TRAGEDIAN,
has closed a most successful Engagement at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. Managers wishing to negotiate for next season, address 250 North 9th street, Philadelphia.
FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,
DUKE AND HIS MOTTO,
PROVOST OF BURGES,
SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE,
ETHELWOLD,
14-3mo* BELPHEGOR, &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS BAKER'S Popular Orchestral Music.-- The Original Music arranged by him to the following Dramas, Spectacles, Pantomimes, Burlesques and Entre Actes can be had for large or small Bands: THE COLLEEN BAWN, JEANNIE DEANS, FLOWERS OF THE FORREST, GREEN BUSHES, "FAUSTUS," MARBLE HEART, PEEP O' DAY BOYS, ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE ELVES, THE SEVEN SISTERS, BLUE BEARD, GOLDEN EGG, SPIRIT OF THE FLOOD, NORMA, FORTUNIO, TROVATORE, &c. OPERATIC SELECTIONS—from all the most popular Operas, including FAUST, ION and ORPHEE. QUADRILLES—from all the Operas, including HIBERNIAN (Irish), JEANNIE DEANS (Scotch), AMERICAN BALLADS (Ethiopian), MEDLEYS, &c. THE THALIA WALTZ. Polkas—THE IRVING, WOODLAND MURMURS, POLKA MAZOURKA, from Faust, by application to
THOMAS BAKER, Olympic Theatre, and
16- 52 St. Mark's Place, 8th street, New York.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of No. 9 Carroll place, Bleeker st., N. Y. 4-3m*

A CARD.---Mr. Charles Pope, will return from California about the 16th of August. Managers wishing to negotiate with him for Summer or Winter engagements, will please address CHAS. T. PARSLOE, or CLIPPER Office. 11-8t*

CHAMPION SHADES,
19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
UTICA, N. Y.

SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 15-tf

BRIGHAN HALL, Binghampton, York State.--- To Agents of Concerts, Minstrels, Lectures, and other First Class Exhibitions. The above named Hall has lately been fitted up and is now offered for rent to all First Class Exhibitions. The Hall will accommodate at least 800 persons.
15-4t* Address EXPRESS AGENT, Binghampton.

AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY,
NOTICE. CLOSED
On the 4th of July, for a short summer season.
WILL REOPEN
ON MONDAY, THE 15TH of AUGUST, 1864,
Newly painted, decorated, and upholstered, refurnished with new and beautiful Scenery, Stage Appointments, &c.
15-tf R. W. BUTLER.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FAMOUS AMERICAN
EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE,

Consisting of
MISS KATE RAYMOND,
the distinguished and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress, acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
and
MR. O. B. COLLINS,
the celebrated Melo-Dramatic Actor and Equestrian, with
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA,
AND GRAY EAGLE,
with the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:
THE BORDER SPY, OR THE TRAPPER'S LAST SHOT,
THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE, OR THE WILD HORSE OF THE FOREST,
THE RIDE FOR LIFE,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP,
THE BRIGAND QUEEN,
JENNIE DIVER, THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN,
THE DEMON HUNTSMAN,
THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK,
New Dramas, written expressly for this troupe,
Also,

MAZEPPA,	PUTNAM,	DICK TURPIN,
JACK RANN,	MIKE MARTIN,	JACK SHEPPARD,
EAGLE EYE,	NICK WHIFFLES,	HERNE THE HUNTER,
TIMOUR THE TARTAR,	MARGARET CATCHPOLE,	
THE FEMALE SPY,	EL HYDER,	CLAUDE DUVAL.

HENRY B. GATES .....BUSINESS MANAGER.
Managers wishing to negotiate for this celebrated troupe, will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
15-1t* 25 West Houston street, New York City.

S. B. HOWES'
GREAT EUROPEAN CIRCUS.
UPWARDS OF
300 MEN AND HORSES,
12 SHETLAND PONIES,
20 LADY EQUESTRIANS.

A GRAND FREE EXHIBITION
AND STREET PARADE,
At 10 o'clock A. M.
MR. CROCKETT'S TRAINED ANIMALS,
A LIVING LION IN THE STREET
Makes a leap to the top of the Tableau Car and couches at the feet of the GODDESS OF LIBERTY.
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY,
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Commencing at 2½ and 7½ P. M.
Admission.....50 cents.
Children under twelve.....25 cents.

The company intend visiting the following places according to the dates given below:—

JULY.	
Friday, 1st, Milwaukee;	Saturday, 16th, Madison;
Saturday, 2d, Waukesha;	Monday, 18th, Whitewater;
Monday, 4th, Watertown;	Tuesday, 19th, Janesville;
Tuesday, 5th, Horicon;	Wednesday, 20th, Beloit;
Wednesday, 6th, Fon du Lac;	Thursday, 21st, Belvidere;
Thursday, 7th, Oshkosh;	Friday, 22d, Rockford;
Friday, 8th, Berlin;	Saturday, 23d, Freeport;
Saturday, 9th, Ripon;	Monday, 25th, Monroe;
Monday, 11th, Waupon;	Tuesday, 26th, Darlington;
Tuesday, 12th, Beaver Dam;	Wednesday, 27, Mineral Point
Wednesday, 13th, Columbus;	Thursday, 28th, Plattville;
Thursday, 14th, Portage City;	Friday, 29th, Dubuque;
Friday, 15th, Lodi;	Saturday, 30th, Galena.
AUGUST.	
Monday, 1st, Mount Carroll;	Tuesday, 16th, Wappalo;
Tuesday, 2d, Sterling;	Wednesday, 17th, Burlington;
Wednesday, 3d, Dixon;	Thursday, 18th, Monmouth;
Thursday, 4th, Amboy;	Friday, 19th, Galesburg;
Friday, 5th, Mendota;	Saturday, 20th, Farmington;
Saturday, 6th, Ottawa;	Monday, 22d, Peoria;
Monday, 8th, Lasalle;	Tuesday, 23d, Pekin;
Tuesday, 9th, Princeton;	Wednesday, 24, Bloomington;
Wednesday, 10th, Neponsett;	Thursday, 25th, Clinton;
Thursday, 11th, Geneseo;	Friday, 26th, Decatur;
Friday, 12th, Rock Island;	Saturday, 27th, Lincoln;
Saturday, 13th, Davenport;	Monday, 29th, Springfield.
Monday, 15th, Muscatine;	15-4t*

MR. McKEAN BUCHANAN, and his Daughter, MISS VIRGINIA BUCHANAN, are engaged as follows:—

Theatre,	Indianapolis	July 18	Twelve nights.
do	Bangor	Aug. 3	Ten do
do	Portland	Aug. 15	Twelve do
do	Portsmouth	Aug. 29	Three do
do	Worcester	Sept. 1	Three do
do	Springfield	Sept. 5	Six do
do	Hartford	Sept. 12	Three do
do	New Haven	Sept. 15	Three do

Howard Athenæum, Boston, Sept. 19....Eighteen nights.
DeBar's Theatre, St. Louis, Oct. 10....Twelve do
Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 24....Eighteen nights.
Communications to be addressed as above. 15-2t*

ETTIE HENDERSON.
THIS POPULAR ACTRESS
Is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the coming Season.
She has the following New Plays:—
LENA, THE STREET SINGER;
ROSEL; OR, A CHRISTMAS TREE;
ON GUARD;
THE FLOWER GIRL;
AND SEVERAL OTHERS.
She is now one of the
MOLT ATTRACTIVE STARS IN THE COUNTRY.
Address care of
E. T. PARSLOE,
15-tf Box 2414, N. Y.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE.--The youthful and truly beautiful Tragedienne, MISS FANNY B. PRICE, who has been creating such a furore throughout the South and West, has just concluded a series of most brilliant engagements, and is now in this city, prepared to negotiate with managers for the ensuing fall and winter season. LIST OF PIECES.
Lucretia Borgia, Camille, Fanchon, East Lynne, Evadne, Hunchback, The Blind Girl's Love, Ion, Stranger, Love, Wrecker's Daughter, Sea of Ice, Actress of Padua, Hamlet, Lucille, Agnes De Vere, Love Chase, Love's Sacrifice, Madelaine, School for Scandal, Honey Moon, Green Bushes, Octoroon, Rough Diamond, Young Scamp, Louise de Lignerolles, Ingomar, &c., &c.
N. B.—She will be supported by the undersigned. All communication promptly attended to. Address D. HANCHETT,
Station A, New York Post Office.
P.S.—Miss Price's residence is at 184 Bleeker st. 15-4t*

CECILE RUSH, Tragedienne,
Having just concluded a highly successful Engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the ensuing season, with the following pieces:—
IDA LEE, WOFFINGTON,
AURELIA, CATHARINE OF ORMSDORF,
DEBORA, MARIA STUART,
And the Standard and Legitimate Drama. Address
15-4t* CECILE RUSH, 811 South 10th st, Philada.

KATE FISHER, the Imperial Kate,
Now renewing her former triumphs at the
NEW BOWERY THEATRE,
in her attractive
EQUESTRIAN, MELODRAMATIC,
AND
PROTEAN SPECIALITIES.
This very versatile and talented actress is GREETED nightly by PACKED and ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSES, at the above theatre, and her noble Arab barb,
WONDER,
is unquestionably the greatest card in the country.
Managers desiring the services of this popular ARTISTE next season, will please address
KATE FISHER,
14 New Bowery Theatre.

MISS DORA SHAW.---Managers desiring to engage this popular TRAGEDIENNE and COMEDIENNE for the coming season, will make early application, addressing her at New Orleans, La. 15-3t*

M'LLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,
Niece of the Renowned Ravels.
This distinguished TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE (French and Spanish Danseuse), will resume her professional tour about the 22d of August. Communications should be addressed to
MARTIN W. HANLEY, Agent,
302 Wesley Place,
15-2t* New York.

CHICAGO MUSEUM.
WANTED—An experienced Prompter, a good Juvenile Lady, and two or three responsible Utility men, for the Fall and Winter season of 10 months' duration; commencing Aug. 29th. Address, stating lowest terms, A. D. BRADLEY, Stage Manager. Silence a negative. 15-2t*

RARE CHANCE to Theatrical and Musical Companies.—The Pittsburgh Athenæum, a COMPLETE THEATRE, with Scenories, etc., seating more than One Thousand persons, will be for Rent, either for the entire summer months, or by the single night, on very reasonable terms. Apply to
A. CHARLES,
14-4t Pittsburgh.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY--A First-Class Cornet PLAYER for HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Brooklyn. 13-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLE

AND COMBINATION CUSHION.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

Having a long experience and thorough knowledge of all the appliances of billiards, and constantly on hand a large stock of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials, we are prepared to furnish everything required in the billiard line with unprecedented dispatch.

The eminent French billiard player, M. Berger, has published the following opinion:

"NEW YORK, 2d August, 1861.

"On the eve of leaving the United States, I am happy to declare to all amateurs of billiards that, after a tour of eleven months through the principal cities, I have been enabled to judge in a satisfactory manner of the superiority of the Billiard Tables manufactured by Phelan & Collender. The system of manufacture is so superior, that I am happy to introduce their style of cushion into France. They have united to their manufacture of American Billiard Tables that of the French Tables, of remarkable excellence and beauty. For these reasons I am happy to make this declaration.

"BERGER, CLAUDIUS, Professor of Billiards, Paris."

Parties ordering from us will find our prices as low as good work can possibly be made for. We sell first-class articles at a fair price, and will not make an inferior article at any price.

Orders by mail carefully and promptly executed. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent by mail. "THE BILLIARD CUE," a journal published in the interest of billiards, and containing details of all novelties, a copious record of billiard news, and everything interesting to amateurs of billiards, sent free on application.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, N. Y.,
And 724 and 726 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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CARDS, PRINTS, STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,
CARTES DE VISITE,
WATCH CHARMS, POCKET KNIVES, AND SCARF PINS CONTAINING MICROSCOPIC VIEWS.
GOOD REASONS
GOOD REASONS
GOOD REASONS
why all should deal direct with
J. H. FARRELL,
BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,
No. 15 Ann street, New York.

His is the Largest, Oldest, Most Flourishing and Most Reliable Establishment in the
SUPPLYING AND PURCHASING BUSINESS.

He is an Extensive Publisher, and gets out all the Best and Most Saleable Books that you see advertised so extensively all through the Union.

He is able to refer the world to his whole past business career as a well known first class, responsible Book Merchant, standing on an equal footing, in every respect, with our largest publishing establishments.

He has a large, respectable business, conducted OPENLY, on fair business principles, in a public store—not in an obscure garret, or perhaps only NOMINAL place of business, as is the case with the poor SHYSTERS who disgrace themselves and defraud their customers.

He can refer to our most respectable business men, and to many of our safest banking institutions, as to his perfect responsibility and complete ability to fulfill all his engagements of every kind and character.

Thus every person who wishes to order
BOOKS,
CARDS,
STATIONERY,
CARTES DE VISITE, &c., &c.,
will at once see the importance of dealing directly with him, instead of with the one-horse, ricketty concerns that spring up like mushrooms only to delude and deceive their unwary and trusting correspondents.

He also imports direct from France all those Unique, Exquisite, Tasteful, Recherche Affairs, such as Segar Cases, Cartes de Visite, &c., and of course is enabled to furnish his